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OVID'S

Heroical Epistles.

Englified by W. S.

Veniam pro laude peto
----- nunc mitibus
Mutare Quaro Tristia.

This may be Reprinted,
R. L. S.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Company of Stationers.

1695.

298. g. 36.



To the Virtuous

LADIES

AND

GENTLEWOMEN

OF

ENGLAND.

Y Our Beauties (Ladies and Gentlewomen) are but types and shadows of the Beauty of your virtuous minds, which is discerned by Noble and Courteous actions. I may therefore presume that Ovid's Heroical Epistles, chiefly translated for your sakes, shall find a gentle acceptance, suitable to your Heroical Dispositions: for Courtesie and Ingenuity are the companions of Gentility. But those who claim this Title, and are

The Epistle.

graded of it by their own vitious qualities. Ovid disclaims them. Vertue is an invisible gift, which is not discerned by the outward habit, but by speech and action, and by a certain delectation in vertue, as Modesty, Temperance, and especially courtesie; which Ovid doth appeal. For when Rome knew him famous, he was esteemed of Lords and Ladies, so that he was faine to shadow the ambitious love of the Emperors Daughter towards him under the veil of Corymba, but the Emperor saw through it, and banished him. Besides, these Epistles, regard of their subject, have just relation to you, Ladies and Gentlewomen, being the complaints of Ladies and Gentlewomen for the absence of their Lovers; And that their sorrow may be more sensible, there is a Table prefixed, and adjoyning to the Book, presenting

The Epistle.

presenting the several Pictures of the Arguments of the Epistles. So much concerning the work, and the Author, Ovid. Now you expect a complement for the Dedication.

Ladies and Gentlewomen, since this Book of Ovid's which most Gentlemen could read before in Latin, is for your sakes come forth in English, it both at first address it self a Suitor, to wooe your acceptance, that it may kiss your hands, and afterward have the lines thereof in reading sweetned by the odour of your breath, while the dead Letters borrow new life by your divided Lips, may receive new life by your passionate expression, and the words married in that Rubycy coloured Temple, may thus happily united, multiply your contentment. And in a word let this be

A Servant with you to *Lady Vertue.*
wye Saltonstall.

To the Virtuous

LADIES AND GENTLEWOMEN

OF

Great Britain.

OF all the Poets, that in Verse did reign
As Monarchs, none could equal Ovid
Especially in the affairs of Love, (strain
Ovid the Master of that Art did prove:
His fancies were so pleasing and so sweet,
That Love did wish no other winding-sheet,
If he had mortal been, for he would die
To live again in his sweet Poésie.
When he intended to enflame the mind,
Or shew how Lovers proved too unkind,
As in these Epistles, where Ladies bemoan
Themselves, when their unkind lovers were gone
He doth so mournfully express their passion,
In such a loving, and a lively fashion,

That

The Epistle.

That reading them grief will not let you speak,
Until imprison'd tears from your eyes break;
Such passions in his Letters do appear,
That every word will make you drop a tear.
But you fair Gentlewomen of this Isle,
We would have you to glance one gentle smile
On his Epistle stil'd Heroical,
Because by Lords and Ladies written all.
You know that Love is the hearts pleasant tamer,
Whose Motto is this, Omnia vincit Amor:
For he can with his lighted Torch inflame
As soon the Lord and Lady, as the Swain.
If then you hope to be happy in Love,
Pray others sorrows may your pity move,
If you the complaints of fair Ladies tender,
Which English doth for your contentment render,
Unto your view, let these Epistles here,
Enjoy your beauteous favour, shining clear
On Ovid, belov'd by th' Emperors daughter,
For which by Cæsar he was banisht after;
Yet this his comfort was in Banishment,
His Love, and Lines, did yield your sex content
Let English Gentlewomen as kind appear
To Ovid, as the Roman Ladies were.

So wisheth, Wye Saltonstall.

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Carmen instar mille

Blande laudantium.

In laudem Authoris carmen non desit Amici:

Hoc opus Authorem laudat, hic Author op

This Author needs not any friend

For Verses in his praise:

The Author doth his work commend,

And his work gives him Bays.

W
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e ref

DAVID'S EPISTLES.

L I B. I.



The Argument of the first Epistle.

When the Grecians went with a great Army to Troy, to revenge the rape of Helena, Ulysses the Son of Laertes and Anticlea, took such delight in his young wife Penelope, that he counterfeited himself mad, thereby to enjoy her, and absent himself from the War. But Palamedes discovering his purpose, he was compelled to go with the rest in the Trojan voyage. Where he fought many brave combats, and

and after the destruction of Troy, which had been ten years before
intending to return to his own Country, he took ship with other
Grecian Princes, but through Minerva's displeasure, they were scattered
and divided by such a violent tempest, that Ulysses wandered ten
years more before he returned. So that his Wife Penelope, having
chastly in his absence, and not knowing what hindered his coming
writes this Epistle unto him, wherein she perswades him by
reasons to return to his own Country.

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

MY dear Ulysses, thy Penelope
Doth send this Letter to complain of thee,
Who dost so long from me unkindly stay:
Write nothing back, but come thy self away.
For Troy now level with the ground is laid,
Which was envy'd by every Grecian Maid.
Yet neither Troy, nor Priam's wealth could be
Worth half so much as thy good company.
O! I could wish that Paris had been drown'd,
When his Ship was to Lacedamon bound,
Then had not I lain cold in bed alone,
Nor yet complain'd that time runs slowly on:
Nor yet to pass away the Winter's Night
Had I sat spinning then by Candle light,
Fore-casting in what dangers thou might'st be,
And such as were now like to trouble thee,
Thinking on perils more than ever were,
For love is always full of careful fear.
The Trojans now, thought I, do thee assail;
At Hector's name my cheeks with fear grew pale:
And when I heard Antilochus was slain
By Hector, then my fears renew'd again.
And hearing how that Patroclus being clad
In Achilles Armour, such ill fortune had,

That *Hector* slew him in that false disguise;
 The sad report drew tears out of mine eyes:
 When I of *Tlepolemus* did hear,
 Who with his Blood bedew'd *Sarpedon's* Spear;
Tlepolemus death doth then my cares renew,
 And I began straightway to think of you.
 And lastly, if I heard abroad by fame,
 That any of the *Grecian* side were slain;
 My heart for fear of thee was far more cold
 Than any Ice; when such bad news was told:
 But the just Gods to us more kind do prove,
 And more indulgent to our chaster love.
 For stately *Troy* is unto Ashes burn'd;
 But my *Ulysses* lives, though not return'd.
 The *Grecian* Captains are come home again,
 The Altars do with joyful incense flame;
 And all the barbarous Spoils which they did take,
 Into our Country Gods they consecrate.
 The love of Wives is to their Husbands shown
 By gifts, which for their safe returning home,
 Into the Gods with grateful minds they bring;
 While their Husbands of *Troy's* destruction sing:
 Old Men, and trembling Maids do both desire
 To hear the tale of *Troy*, which they admire,
 And Wives do harken with a kind of joy
 To their Husbands talking of the siege of *Troy*,
 And some now do upon their table draw,
 The picture of those fierce Wars which they saw:
 And with a little Wine before pour'd down
 Can lively paint the model of *Troy* Town.
 Here's *Simois* flood, here's the *Sigeon* Land,
 And here did *Priam's* lofty Palace stand.
 Here did *Achilles* pitch his glittering Tents,
 And here *Ulysses* kept his Regiments.
 Here in this place did valliant *Hector* fall,
 Whose Body was drag'd round about the Wall

Of *Troy*, to shew the Enemies despite :
 Putting the foaming Horses in a fright.
 For whatsoever in those Wars was done,
 Old *Nestor* did relate unto thy Son,
 Whom I had sent forth to enquire of thee,
 And he did bring home all these news to me :
 Bringing me tydings how *Dolon* by name,
 And *Rhesus* by thy Sword at once were slain.
 While th' one of them in his dead sleep was kill'd,
 And th' others Blood by Treachery was spill'd,
 And thou amongst thy other bold attempts
 By night did set upon the *Thracian* Tents.
 Slaying so many Men : how couldst thou be
 So adventurous, if thou hadst remembred me ?
 And of thy other Victories I did hear,
 My heart did burn within my breast for fear.
 But what although thy Valour did confound
Troy ; and did raze the Walls unto the ground ?
 Shall I, as if *Troy* were besieg'd, still be
 A Widow wanting thy sweet company ?
 That *Troy* doth stand I only find alone,
 Others Rejoyce that it is overthrown.
 Whose fruitful Fields the conquering *Grecians* now,
 Do with the *Trojan* Oxen dayly Plough,
 For now ripe Corn doth grow where *Troy* once stood,
 And all the ground is fat with *Trojan* Blood.
 The crooked Plough doth graze as it goes by
 Upon mens bones, which there half buried lie ;
 So that they plough up bones as well as land,
 And Grass doth grow where houses once did stand.
 Yet having wasted *Troy*, thou keep'st away,
 Nor do I know what moveth thee to stay,
 Nor can by any means learn in what part
 Of all the world thou (most unkindest) art.
 If any ship unto our shore doth come,
 Then to enquire of thee I straight do run ;

ed to the Ship-master a Letter give;
 o deliver unto thee if thou dost live:
 charging if that it be his chance to see
Ulysses, he should give it unto thee.
 Went to *Pylus*, where *Nestor* did reign,
 at I from *Pylus* heard no news again:
 Went unto the *Spartans*, who could tell
 o tidings of thee, or where thou didst dwell:
 would that *Troy* were standing now again,
 or whose destruction I did pray in vain!
 If thou wert at the Wars, I should know where
 thou wert, and of thy safety stand in fear.
 And other Women might with me complain,
 ecause their Husbands came not home again.
 To griev'd minds this may some comfort be,
 To have companions in adversity.
 know not what to fear, yet all things fear;
 My cares and sorrows never greater were,
 Thinking what dangers by Sea and Land may
 enforce thee 'gainst thy will from me to stay.
 While thus my fond affection doth excuse thee;
 Perhaps thou in requital dost abuse me.
 For I do fear thy fancy loves to rove,
 And that thou hast some Sweet-heart thou dost love
 in Foreign Countries; nay, and it may be
 That thou dost wooe her by disgracing me,
 Telling her that thy Wife's a Country *Jone*
 That knoweth only how to spin at home.
 But of my hard belief I do repent,
 I hope thou art not willingly absent.
 My Father *Icarus* would not have me stay
 A Widow still; but chideth my delay:
 But let him chide, *Penelope* will be
 A constant Wife *Ulysses* unto thee.
 But though, I do by fair entreaty still
 Prevail so much that I do change his will,

Or alter it, so that he's not enclin'd
 To use a Fathers power to force my mind:
 The *Dulichians*, and the *Samians* come to wooe me;
 And the *Zacynthians* often come unto me:
 And of Foreign Suiters such a wanton crue
 Do haunt me, that I know not what to do.
 Who in thy Palace do most freely reign,
 Wasting those Goods, which thou before didst gain.
Pisandrus, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too,
Eurimachus and *Antinorus* come to wooe
 Me, and in thy absence do consume and eat
 That estate thou didst gain by Blood and Sweat.
 Poor *Irus* and *Melanthius* that doth feed
 His sheep, are Suiters too, and hope to speed.
 And all thy Household here doth but consist
 Of three, that are too weak for to resist;
 Namely *Laertes*, who is spent and done,
 Thy Wife, and young *Telemachus* thy Son,
 Whom I had almost lost, while that he went
 To the City *Pylos* without our consent.
 And when the fates our time of death assign,
 May his hand close up both thy eyes and mine;
 Our Ox-herd, Swine-herd, and our old Nurse, are
 All of one mind, and do make the same prayer:
 And how can old *Laertes* power restrain
 Those wanton Suiters which at home do reign?
Telemachus in time will grow more strong,
 His Father now should keep him from all wrong.
 I have no strength to drive these Suiters hence,
 Then come thou home, and be thy own defence.
 Think on thy Son to whom thou shouldst impart
 Instruction, that may season his young heart.
 Think on *Laertes*, come and close his eyes,
 Who in his old age even Bed-rid lies.
 And think on me, for when thou went'st from home,
 Full young was I, but now an old Wife grown.



The Argument of the second Epistle.

DEmophoon, the son of Theseus and Phæara, returning home from the Trojan Wars, was driven by a tempest into Trace, where Phyllis the Daughter of Lycurgus and Crustumena, being the Queen of Trace, gave him courteous entertainment, both at board and bed; but when he had staid a while with her, as soon as he heard that Mnestheus was dead, who had expuls'd his Father Theseus out of the City of Athens, and assumed the government to himself, he being desirous to regain his Kingdom, desir'd leave of Phyllis to go and settle his affairs, promising her within one month

to return again: and so having made ready his ships, he sails
thens, and tarries there. Whereupon, after four months were
Phyllis writes this Epistle, perswading him to be faithfull unto
and to remember her kindness and his own promise, which if be-
leets to do, she threatens to kill her self, and so revenge the
tion of her Maiden chastity.

PHYLLIS to DEMOPHOON.

Phyllis that did so kindly entertain
Thee, O Demophon, must of thee complain;
Before the Moons sharp horns were once grown round,
To land thou promis'd on the Thracian ground;
But now four Moons are chang'd, four Months are past,
And yet thy Ship is not return'd at last:
If thou dost count the time, which we that are
In love do strictly reckon with great care;
Thou having broke thy promise needs must say,
That my complaint comes not before the day.
My fears were slow, for we do slowly give
Credence to those things we would not believe.
Which made me for thy sake even falsely feign
That the North-wind drove back thy sails again.
Sometimes I fear'd least that in *Hebrus* sound
Thy Ship might in those shallow waves be drown'd.
Oft I besought the Gods for thy return,
And on their Altars did sweet incense burn.
When the wind stood fair, I said to my self,
Sure he will come now if he be in health.
My faithfull love was witty to invent
Something that might still hinder thy intent.
But yet thou stayest, nor can thy promise move
Thee to return, nor yet our former love.
But I perceive, *Demophon*, by thy stay,
One wind did drive Ship and Faith away:
Thy Ship returns not, which makes me complain,
That all thy faithfull promises were vain.

sails What have I done? Alas I rashly lov'd thee!
 were And yet this fault to pity might have mov'd thee.
 ul unto entertain'd thee, this was all my fault,
 if be this offence might have been kindness thought.
 e she Where's thy faith, thy hand which thou didst give me,
 And Oaths thou swore'st to make me believe thee?
 N. swearing by *Hymen* that thou wouldst not tarry,
 But come again and thy Poor *Phyllis* marry;
 And by the rugged Sea hast often swore,
 Which thou both hast and wilt fall often o'er?
 nd, And by *Neptune* thy great Uncle, who with ease
 Can calm the raging of the angry Seas:
 past, By *Juno* who in marriages delights,
 And by torch-bearing *Ceres* mystick-rites.
 Should all these Gods revenge thy perjuries,
 Which are high treasons to their Majesties;
 And should all punish thee with one consent,
 Thou couldst not sure endure their punishment.
 To rig and mend thy Ships I care did take,
 And in requital thou didst me forsake.
 I gave thee opportunity to run
 Away, 'tis I that have my self undone.
 I did believe thy fair and gentle words,
 Of which the falsest heart most store affords,
 And because thou didst come of a good descent,
 I did believe thou hadst a good Intent.
 I did believe thy tears: and hast thou taught
 Thy tears to be as false as was thy thought?
 O yes, thy tears would flow with cunning Art,
 When thou didst bid them to disguise thy heart.
 Thy vows and promises I did believe,
 And any of those shows might me deceive.
 Nor am I griev'd because I entertain'd thee,
 Such kindness shew'd to thee could not have sham'd me.
 But I repent, because to add more height
 Unto thy entertainment, I one night.

Did suffer thee to come into my Bed,
 Where thou didst rob me of my Maiden-head.
 Would I had dy'd before that fatal night,
 Wherein I yielded thee so much delight.
 For if I had not thus my self betray'd,
 Then *Phyllis* might have liv'd and dy'd a Maid.
 But I did hope that thou more constant wert,
 "That hope is just which springeth from desert.
 For I did know I had deserv'd thy love,
 Which made me hope that thou wouldst faithful prove.
 It is no glory to deceive a Maid,
 Since she deserveth pity that's betray'd;
 By her kind heart, and hath too soon believ'd,
 For thus poor *Phyllis* was by thee deceiv'd.
 And 'stead of other praises may they say,
 That this was he that did a Maid betray;
 When thy statue shall be in the City plac'd
 With thy Father's, which is with high titles grac'd,
 When they shall read how valiant *Theseus* slew
 Those cruel thieves, and also did subdue
 The *Minotaur*, and did the *Thebans* tame,
 And Centaures that by him were also slain;
 And lastly, when th' Inscription shall relate
 How he went to Hell and knockt at *Pluto's* gate;
 This title shall be on thy statute read,
 "This man deceiv'd his love and from her fled.
 In this thy Father thou dost imitate,
 That he fair *Ariadne* did forsake;
 What he alone excus'd as a sin,
 That act thou only do'st admire in him;
 Shewing thy self in this to be his Son,
 That thou like him, hast a young Maid undone.
 But she is happily to *Bacchus* married,
 And in his Chariot, drawn with Tigers, carried:
 The *Thracians* do my Marriage-bed contemn,
 Because I lov'd a stranger more than them:

And some perhaps will say in my disgrace,
 Let her go to *Athens*, that most learned place;
 Since she so kind hath to a stranger been,
 The warlike *Thracians* will have a new Queen.
 The end doth prove the Action, but yet may
 We want success, that thinketh so, I say:
 That measures Actions not from the intent,
 But counts them good, that have a good event,
 Or if *Demophoon* would again return,
 Then they would honour me whom now they scorn.
 Unfortunate Actions do our credit stain,
 I am faulty, because thou do'st not come again.
 Methinks I see, how when thou left'st our Court,
 Thy ship being ready to forsake our Port;
 Thy loving arms about my neck were spread,
 Making my lips with tedious kisses red,
 Wept, and when thou saw'st those tears of mine,
 Thou also wept'st and mingledst them with thine.
 And then thou seem'dst, with a treacherous mind
 Sorry, because thou hadst so fair a wind.
 And at the last, when thou must needs depart,
 Then said'st, farewell fair *Phyllis* my Sweet-heart.
 For when one month is come unto an end,
 Look for *Demophoon* thy faithful friend.
 Why should I look for thy return in vain,
 Who hadst no purpose to return again?
 Yet I'll look for thy coming back however;
 For it is better to come late than never.
 But I do fear thou hast a new Sweet-heart,
 One that doth alienate from me thy heart,
 That thou forgotten *Phyllis* dost not know:
 Wo's me, if *Phyllis* be forgotten so,
 Who did *Demophoon* kindly entertain,
 When forc'd by storms he to our Harbour came,
 Whose necessities with treasure I supply'd,
 And gave him many Royal gifts beside.

And

My

My Kingdom unto thee I did submit,
 Thinking a Woman could not govern it :
 Even all these goodly lands I offered thee
 'Twixt *Hemus* and the shady *Rhodope*.
 Besides, thou didst my Virgin Zone untye ;
 And violate my chaste Virginitie.
 And at our Marriage the fatal Owl
 Did sing, while mad *Tisiphone* did howl :
Alecto with her snaky hair was there ;
 The Candles did like Funeral lights appear.
 Oft sadly to some Rock I go, whose height
 May make me to see far at Sea out-right,
 If it be day, or if the Stars do shine,
 I look still how the wind stands at that time.
 If a far off a Ship I chance to see,
 I straight do hope that it thy Ship may be.
 And then in haste upon the Sands I run
 So far, that I unto the Sea-waves come.
 But when I have at length my error found,
 Amongst my Maids I fall down in a swoond.
 There is a hollow Bay bent like a Bow,
 Whose rocky sides into the Sea far go ;
 To cast my self from thence is my intent,
 Since to deceive me thou art falsely bent ;
 For when thou seest my body like a wrack
 Cast on the shore, I know thou wilt look back
 On the sad sight, and though thy heart should be
 More hard than Adamant, thou'lt pity me.
 Sometimes I could drink poyson, or afford
 To stab my tender breast with a sharp sword,
 Or put a halter 'bout my neck, which oft
 Thou hast embraced with thy arms more soft.
 For I'll revenge my loss of Chastity,
 Though I am doubtful yet what death to die.

And to declare my death from thee did come,
 These lines shall be engrav'd upon my tomb.
Phyllis that did *Demophoon* entertain,
 Was by his unkindness and her own hand slain.



The Argument of the third Epistle.

THE Grecians being arrived at Phrygia, began to take the Cities near Troy, especially those opposite to the Isle Lesbos. Achilles the Son of Peleus and Thetis, invadeth both the Cilicians with Thebans, and Lyrnessa besieged and took the Town Chyrenes, and brought away two fair Virgins, Astinoe the Daughter of Chryses,

Chryses, called afterward by her Fathers name, and Briseis
 Chryses he bestows on Prince Agamemnon, but keeps Briseis
 himself. But Agamemnon being commanded by the Oracle to
 restore Chryses to her Father, took Briseis from Achilles: Who
 taking it as an indignity, absents himself from the Wars: no in-
 treaty can prevail to make him fight against Troy. Agamemnon sends
 him Briseis again with gifts, he sleights them both. Briseis there-
 upon in this Epistle complains of his too violent anger, intreats him
 to fight against the Trojans, to accept Agamemnon's offer, and
 receive her again.

BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

THis Letter Briseis unto thee doth send,
 Which I perhaps in Greek have rudely pen'd.
 My tears did make those blots which thou dost see,
 And yet these weeping blots may speak for me,
 If a Captive may with modesty complain
 Of thee, my Lord, do not my suit disdain.
 Unto Agamemnon thou didst me resign,
 And yet alas this was no fault of thine!
 When that Eurybates and Talthibius came
 To fetch me, whom thou durst not then detain.
 They wondred that thou couldst so soon deliver
 Me to the Kings use, if thou lov'dst me ever.
 Thou might'st have seem'd loth for to depart,
 And have bestow'd one kiss on thy Sweet-heart:
 But yet I wept apace, my hair I tore,
 As if I were a Captive made once more.
 I often thought to steal away to thee,
 But then I fear'd the Trojan enemy:
 Lest being surpriz'd by them in my attempt,
 They should to Priam's Daughters me present.
 But thou wilt say, thou couldst not me detain;
 But yet thou might'st have fetcht me back again.
 Patroclus then did speak thus in my ear;
 Why dost thou weep? thou shalt not long stay there.

Nay, thou wilt not deceive me now again,
 And much less fetch her whom thou dost disdain.
 Ajax and Phœnix both did come to thee,
 Thy Friend and Cousin by consanguinity.
 And Ulysses, who with gifts and prayers did woo thee,
 To receive thy Briseis when they brought me to thee,
 And for a present twenty Basons brought,
 With seven three-footed Tables carv'd and wrought :
 To these ten Talents of Gold added were,
 And twelve brave Steeds that were train'd up to War,
 And many captive Maids, who with one look
 Could take the Conquerors that had them took :
 And a fair Virgin that thy Wife might be;
 But sure thou need'st no other Wife but me;
 From Agamemnon wouldst thou me redeem,
 That to receive these gifts so nice dost seem ?
 Achilles, how have I mov'd thy neglect ?
 Why dost thou now unkindly me reject ?
 " Or is its fortune's custom still to frown
 " On those who by misfortune are cast down ?
 I saw thee when thou didst Lyrnessus take,
 And of thy Briseis didst a captive make.
 I saw how many of my kindred were
 Slain by thy valiant hand, and did lie there
 Panting for life, till their fresh wounds had bled
 So much, that all the Earth was painted red.
 Yet when I lost those Friends, I got another;
 Thou art my Lord, my Husband, and my Brother.
 And by thy Mother, Queen of the salt Flood,
 Thou swore'st all should turn unto my good,
 Binding thy self with promises, that I
 Should be most happy in captivity.
 But now both me, and those gifts which are sent thee,
 Thou dost refuse, for neither can content thee.
 And I hear to morrow by the break of day,
 Thou meanest to take Ship and sail away.

Who

Nay,

When I did hear the news, my heart did fail,
And presently my bloodless cheeks grew pale,
But wilt thou go from me, my dear, and leave me?
Unto whose custody wilt thou bequeath me?
May I be laid into the earths cold bed,
Or may the flaming thunder strike me dead;
Ere I behold the ship, cutting her way
Through the green waves, while I am left to stay:
If thou intendest to return again,
Take me along, who no great burthen am:
I'll follow thee and serve thee all my life
As a poor Captive, not as thy dear Wife.
I can inure my hands to labour hard;
And I can be content to spin or card.
One of the fairest Maids that *Greece* e'er bred
Shall be thy Wife, and warm thy Nuptial-bed;
My humble thoughts do not so high aspire,
To be thy Servant is all I desire.
I'll sit and spin until my task be done:
And until all my Flax to thread be spun.
Yet suffer not thy Wife, I pray, to chide me,
Because I love thee, she will not abide me.
And do not suffer her to tear my hair;
Think how of *Briseis* thou didst once take care;
Nay though thou suffer her my hair to tear,
Do not despise me, this is all my fear.
What wouldst thou have? *Agamemnon* doth repent;
And *Greece* for wronging thee is penitent.
Subdue thy self, and now let him that hath
Conquer'd so many, conquer his own wrath:
Why dost thou let the coward *Hector* wast
And spoil the *Grecians*? take thou Arms at last.
Achilles take thy Arms, but first me take:
Then crush those Fellows, and force them to quake.
For my sake thou art angry and offended,
For me thy wrath began, in me let it be ended.

's no disgrace unto thy suit to yield.
Grecians did go into the Field
 perswaded by his Wife, though he laid by
 his Arms, and t'aid his Country did deny;
 he did perswade her valiant Husband streight,
 that my words have, alas! no power nor weight.
 dare not call my self thy Wife, for I
 have lived with thee in Captivity;
 though my Lord hath often call'd his Handmaid
 into his Bed, and I have him obeyed.
 do remember that a captive Maid
 would call me Mistress, unto whom I said,
 may not the weight of scorn on misery,
 that title suits not with Captivity;
 for by my Father's Ashes I do swear,
 Of whom a reverend memory I bear;
 by my three Brothers Souls, whose Blood was spill'd
 for their Country, and in its defence were kill'd:
 by my lips, and by those soft lips of thine
 Which we did oftentimes together joyn;
 and by thy Sword I swear, since I went from thee,
 That *Agamemnon* never lay with me.
 but for thy honesty thou dar'st not swear,
 If I should put thee to thy oath, I fear.
 The *Grecians* think with sorrow thou art pin'd,
 but thou hast Musick to refresh thy mind;
 While thy Sweet-heart doth clasp thee in her arms,
 Making her moistned kisses powerful charms
 To stay thee there, which makes thee loth to fight;
 Love and sweet Musick, yield thee more delight.
 't is the safer course, in Bed being laid;
 To sport thy self with some young fearful Maid;
 Or when with those joys thou art tir'd too much,
 To give thy *Thracian* Lyre a gentle touch:
 Than to hold Buckler or sharp-pointed Spear,
 Or on thy Head a weighty Helmet wear?

Yet

Yet in brave actions thou didst once delight,
 And to win glory only thou wouldst fight.
 Didst thou love war till I was captive made?
 And is thy valour since that time decay'd?
 The God's forbid. I hope to see thy Spear
 Wound vallant *Hector*, who doth no man fear.
 Let the Grecians send me to my Lord to plead
 Their cause with kisses, I can intercede
 More powerfully than *Phœnix* or *Ulysses*;
 There is a sweeter eloquence in kisses.
 If I incircle thee within mine Arms.
 My close embraces are like powerful charms;
 My naked Breasts being in thy view laid open,
 Will soon persuaue thee, though no word be spoken;
 If thou wert like the Sea, void of compassion,
 My silent tears would move commiseration.
 As thou desirest thy Fathers length of days,
 Or to see *Pyrrhus* crown'd with wreaths of Bays;
Achilles take thy *Briseis* once again,
 Have pity on that grief which I sustain.
 If thy love be turn'd to hate, yet do not flout me,
 Kill me out-right, who cannot live without thee.
 Nay, thou dost kill me, for my strength doth fade,
 My beauty and fresh colour is decay'd;
 Yet I do hope thou wilt thy *Briseis* take,
 And this hope makes me live, even for thy sake.
 But if my hopes of thee do fail, then I
 To meet my Brother and Husband will die.
 Yet when others shall perchance read my sad story;
 To kill a Woman will yield thee no glory.
 Yet let no other kill me, thy weapon can
 Kill me assoon as any other man.
 Let thy sword give me such a wound that I
 May bleed with pleasure, and to bleeding die.
 Let thy sword send me to *Elysian* rest,
 Which might have wounded *Hector's* vallant breast.

let me live if thou art pleased so;
 that love doth ask what thou grant'st to thy foe;
 and rather kill thy Trojan foes than I;
 express thy valour on thy enemy:
 whether thou intend'st to go or stay;
 command me as my Lord to come away.



The Argument of the fourth Epistle.

Hecus the son of Ægeus having slain the Minotaur, brought
 away by Ship Ariadne daughter to Minos and Pasiphae,
 whom for helping him in killing the Minotaur, he had promised
 Marriage,

Marriage, and her Sister Phædra. But admonished by Bacchus he leaves Ariadne in the Isle Naxos or Chios, and marries Phædra, who in Theseus's absence falls in love with her Son-in-Law Hippolytus, Theseus son by Hippolite an Amazon. He being a Bachelor, and much addicted to hunting, she having opportunity to speak unto him, discovers her love by this Epistle; and in cunningly wooing and perswading him to love her, and lest it might seem dishonesty in a Mother to solicit her Son-in-Law, begins with an-Insinuation.

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS

Phædra unto Hippolytus sends health,
Which unless thou giv'st me I must want my self;
Yet read it, for a Letter cannot fright thee,
There may be something in it may delight thee.
For these dumb Messengers send out of hand,
Do carry secrets both by Sea and Land.
The Foe will read a Letter, though it be
Sent to him from his utter enemy.
Thrice I began my mind to thee to break,
Thrice I grew dumb, so that I could not speak.
There is a kind of modesty in love,
Which hindreth those that honest suits do move.
And love hath given command that every lover
Should write that which he blusheth to discover.
Then to condemn Loves power it is not safe,
Who over all the Gods dominion hath.
'Tis dangerous to resist the power of Love,
Who ruleth over all the Gods above.
Love bid me write, I followed his direction,
Who told me that my lines should win affection.
O! since I love thee, may my love again
Raife in thy breast another mutual flame.
That love which hath been a long time delay'd,
At last grows violent, and must be obey'd:

I feel a fire, a fire within my heart,
 And the blind wound of love doth rage and smart;
 His tender Helpers cannot brook the yoke,
 Nor the wild Colt, that is not backt nor broke,
 Endure the bridle, so Loves yoke I find
 Heavy to an unexperienc'd mind.
 When 'tis their art, and they can easily do it,
 That from their youth have been train'd up unto it;
 He that hath let her time run out at wast,
 Her love is violent when she loves at last.
 The forbidden fruits of Love I keep for thee,
 In tasting them let us both gully be.
 'Tis some happiness to pluck and cull
 Fruit from a Tree, whose boughs with fruit are full;
 Or from the bush to gather the first Rose;
 I am the tree and bush where loves fruit grows:
 Yet hitherto my fame was never blotted;
 And for white chastity, I have been noted;
 And I am glad that I my love have plac'd
 On one by whom I cannot be disgrac'd:
 Adultery in her is a base fact,
 That with some base fellow doth commit the act.
 But should *Juno* grant me her *Jupiter*
 In love I would *Hippolytus* prefer:
 And since I lov'd thee, I do now embrace
 Those sports which thou dost love; to hunt and chase
 Wild Savage Beasts, for I would gladly be
 A Huntress to enjoy thy company.
 And now like thee, no Goddess I do know,
 But chaste *Diana* with her bended bow.
 I love the Woods, and take delight to set
 The toyls, and chase the Deer into the Net.
 And I do take delight to hoop and hallow,
 And cheer the Dogs; while they the chase do follow.
 To cast a dart I now am cunning grown.
 Sometimes upon the grass I lie alone;

Sometimes for pleasure I a Chariot drive,
 Reining the Horse that with the bridle does strive,
 Sometime like those mad *Bacchi's* I do run,
 Who pipe when they to the *Idean* hill do come ;
 Or like those that have seen the horned fawns,
 And Dryads lightly tripping o'er the lawns.
 In such a frantick fit they say I am,
 When love torments me with his raging flame.
 And this same love of mine perhaps may be
 By fate entailed upon our family,
 For it is given to us in love to fall ;
 And *Venus* takes a tribute of us all.
 For first, great *Jupiter* did rarely gull
Europa with the false shape of a Bull.
 My Mother *Pasiphae* in a Cow of wood
 The leaping of a lustful Bull withstood.
 My Sister likewise to false *Theseus* gave
 A Clew of silk, and so his life did save,
 Who through the winding labyrinth was led
 By the direction of this slender thread.
 And now like *Minos* stock, I even I
 Love as the rest did, in extremity.
 It fortunes that our love, thus cross should be,
 Thy Father lov'd my Sister, I love thee.
 Thus *Theseus* and *Hippolytus* his Son
 Do glory that their love hath overcome
 Two Sisters, but I would we had remain'd
 At home, when we came to thy Fathers Land.
 For them especially thy presence mov'd me,
 And from that time I ever since have lov'd thee.
 My eye convey'd unto my heart delight,
 To like of thee, for thou wert cloath'd in white.
 A flowry garland did thy soft hair crown,
 And thy complexion was a lovely brown.
 Which some for a stern visage had mistook ;
 But *Phedra* thought thou hast a manly look.

For Young-men should not be like Women dress,
 A careless dressing doth become them best;
 The sternness, and loose flowing of thy hair,
 And dusty countenance most graceful were.
 While thy curvetting Steed did bound and fling,
 I admir'd to see thee ride him in the ring,
 If with thy strong arm thou didst toss the pike,
 Thy nimble strength I did approve and like.
 Or, if thou took'st thy Javelin in thy hand
 Methought thou didst in comely posture stand.
 For all thy actions yielded me delight,
 And did appear most graceful in my sight.
 Of the Woods wildness do not then partake,
 Nor suffer me to perish for thy sake.
 For why should thou in Hunting spend thy leasure?
 And not delight on *Venus* sweeter pleasure?
 There's nothing can endure without due rest,
 By which our wearied bodies are refresh'd.
 And thou might'st imitate *Diana's* Bow,
 Which if too often bended weak will grow.
Cephalus was a Wood-man, of great fame,
 And many wild Beasts by his hand were slain.
 Yet with *Aurora* he did fall in love,
 Her blushing beauty did his fancy move:
 While from her aged Husbands bed she rose,
 And wisely to young *Cephalus* straight goes.
Venus and young *Adonis* oft would lie
 Together on the grass most wantonly,
 And underneath some tree in the hot whether,
 They would lie kissing in the shade together.
Alalanta did *Oenides* fancy move,
 And gave her wild Beasts skin to shew his love.
 And therefore why may'st thou not fancy me,
 Such without love the woods unpleasant be?
 For I will follow thee o'er the rocky cliff,
 And never fear the boars sharp fanged teeth.

Two Seas the narrow *Isthmus* do oppose,
 The raging waves on both sides of it flow.
 Together thou and I will govern here
 Thy Kingdom, than my Country far more dear:
 My Husband *Theseus* hath long absent been,
 He's with his friend *Pirithous*, ~~it~~ doth seem.
Theseus (unless we will the truth deny)
 Doth love *Pirithous* more than thee or I.
 'Tis his unkindness that he stays so long,
 But he hath done us both far greater wrong.
 With his great Club he did my Brother slay,
 And left my Sister to wild Beasts a prey.
 Thy Mother was a Warlike Amazon,
 Deserving favour for thy sake her Son:
 Yet cruel *Theseus* kill'd her with his Sword,
 Who did to him so brave a Son afford.
 Nor would he Marry her; for he did aim
 That as a Bastard thou shouldst never reign;
 And many Children he on me begot,
 Whose untimely death not I but he did plot;
 Would I had died in labour, ere that I
 Had wrong'd thee by a second Progeny.
 Why shouldst thou reverence thy Fathers bed,
 Which he doth shun, and now away is fled?
 If a Mother be to love her Son inclin'd,
 Why should vain names fright thy courageous mind?
 Such strict preciseness former times became,
 When good old *Saturn* on the earth did reign.
 But *Saturn*'s dead, his laws are cancell'd now;
Jove rules, then follow what *Jove* doth allow;
 For *Jove* all sorts of pleasure doth permit,
 Sisters may Marry, if they think it fit,
 With their own Brothers, *Venus* bond doth tie
 The knot more close of consanguinity.
 Besides, who can our stoln joys discover?
 With a fair outside we our fault may colour:

If our embraces were discern'd by some,
 They would say, that Mother surely loves her Son,
 Thou need'st not come by night, no doors are bar'd
 And shut on me, thy passage is not hard.
 One house as it did once, may us contain,
 Thou oft hast kiss'd me, and shall kiss again.
 Thou shalt be safe with me, nay, wert thou seen
 Within my bed, such faults have smothered been.
 Then come with speed to ease my troubled mind,
 And may love always prove to thee more kind.
 Thus I most humbly do entreat and sue,
 Pride and great words becomes not those that woo.
 Thus I most humbly beg of thee alone.
 Alas! my pride and my great words are gone;
 To my desires long time I would not yield;
 But yet at last affection won the field,
 And as a Captive at thy royal feet
 Thy Mother begs: *Love knows not what is meet.*
 Shame hath forsook his colours in my cheek.
 It is confess, yet grant that love I seek
 Though *Minos* be my Father, who keeps under
 His power the Seas, and he that darteth thunder
 Be my Grand-father, and he be a kin
 To me, that hath his forehead circled in
 With many a clear beam, a sharp pointed ray,
 And drives the purple Charlot of the day,
 Love makes a servant of nobility;
 Then for my Ancestors even pity me.
 Nay *Creet*, *Jove's* Island, shall my Dowry be,
 And all my Court (*Hippolytus*) shall serve thee.
 My Mother softned a Bulls stern breast,
 And wilt thou be more cruel than a Beast?
 For love-sake love me, who hath thus complain'd
 So mayst thou love and never be disdain'd:
 So may the Queen of Forests help thee still,
 So may the Woods yield game for thee to kill.

May fawns and Satyrs help thee every where,
 So may'st thou wound the Boar with thy sharp spear.
 So may the Nymphs give thee water to slake
 Thy burning thirst, though thou do Maidens hate.
 Tears with my prayers I mingle, read my prayers,
 And imagin that you do behold my tears.



The Argument of the fifth Epistle.

HEcuba Daughter to Cisseus, and Wife to Priam being with
 child, dreamt that she was delivered of a flaming Fire-brand,
 that set all Troy on fire, Priam troubl'd in mind, consults with the
 Oracle.

Hele, receives answer, that his Son should be the destruction of his
 Country, and therefore as soon as he was born commands his death.
 At his Mother Hecuba sends her Son Paris secretly to the Kings
 shepherds. They keep him, till being grown a young man, he fancied
 the Nymph Oenone, and Married her. But when Juno, Pallas,
 and Venus contended about the golden Apple, which had this inscrip-
 tion, *DETUR PULCHRIORI*, Let it be given to the Fairest,
 Jupiter made Paris their Judge. To whom Juno promised a King-
 dom, Pallas Wisdom, Venus Pleasure, and the fairest of Women;
 he gave sentence for Venus. Afterward being known by his Fa-
 ther, and receiv'd into favour, he sail'd to Sparta, whence he took
 Helen wife to Menelaus, and brought her to Troy. Oenone bear-
 ing thereof, complains in this Epistle of his unfaithfulness; per-
 suading him to send back Helen to Greece, and receive her again.

OENONE to PARIS.

I Nto my Paris, for though thou art not mine,
 Thou art my Paris, Because I am thine,
 Nymph doth send from the *Idean Hill*
 these following words, which do this Paper fill.
 Read it, if that thy new Wife will permit,
 My Letter is not in a strange hand writ.
 None though the *Phrygian* woods well known,
 complains of wrong, that thou to her hast done.
 That God hath us'd his power to cross our love?
 That fault of mine hath made thee faithless prove?
 Which deserv'd sufferings I could be content;
 Not with undeserved punishment.
 That I deserve, most patient I could bear,
 That undeserv'd punishments heavy are.
 Thou wert not then of such great dignity,
 When I a young Nymph did first marry thee;
 Though now forsooth, thou *Priam's* Son art prov'd,
 Thou wert a servant first, when first we lov'd:
 And while our sheep did graze. we both have laid
 Under some tree together in the shade;

Whole

Whose boughs like a green Canopy were spread,
 While the soft grass did yield us a green bed:
 And when the due did fall, we often lay
 In a poor Cottage, upon Straw or Hay.
 I shew'd thee both, what Lawns and Forests were
 Likely to yield much store of game, and where
 The wild beasts did in sacred caves abide,
 And their young ones in the hollow rocks did hide.
 To set thy Toyls with thee I oft have gone,
 After the Hounds I o'er the Hills have run.
 My name on every Beech-tree I do find,
 Thou hast engrav'd *Oenone* on their rind,
 And as the body of the tree doth, so
 The Letters of my name do greater grow.
 Close by a River (I remember it)
 These lines are on an *Alder* fairly writ;
 And may the *Alder* flourish still and spread,
 Because these lines may on the bark be read:
When Paris doth to Oenone false become,
Xanthus unto his spring doth backward run.
Xanthus run back, thy course now backward take,
 For *Paris* doth his *Oenone* forsake.
 That day did unto me most fatal prove;
 That day began the winter of thy love,
 When *Venus*, *Juno* and fair *Pallas* came
 Naked before thee, and did not disdain
 To chuse thee for their Judge, when thou had'st told
 The story to me, my faint heart grew cold.
 Of the experienc'd I did counsel take,
 They did resolve me, thou wouldst me forsake.
 For thou didst build new ships without delay,
 And didst send forth a Fleet to Sea straightway.
 Yet thou didst weep at thy departure hence;
 Do not deny it, it was an offence:
 For by my love thy credit is not stain'd
 But of loving *Helen* thou may'st be asham'd.

thou wept'st, and also at that very time
thou saw'st me weep, my tears dropping with thine,
and as the Vine about the Elm doth wind,
so thy arms were about my neck entwined
When thou complaind'st because the wind's cross were,
the sailers laugh'd, because the wind stood fair.
thou didst kiss me oft, when thou didst depart,
and thou wert loth to say, farewell, Sweet-heart.
At last a gentle gale of wind did blow,
so that thy Ship from land did slowly go.
Looking after thee long time did stand,
Weeping, and shedding tears on the dry sand.
And to the green *Nerides* I did pray,
thy voyage might be speedy without stay :
For me it was too speedy, since that I
must sustain the loss of thy false love thereby.
To *Thessaly* my Prayers have brought thee safe,
and for a Whore my Prayer prevailed hath.
There is a Mountain that to Sea doth look,
Which beating of the foaming waves can brook :
From hence when I beheld thy Ship was coming,
to the Sea I presently was running.
For standing still at length I might discern
a purple flag, which waved on the stern :
Then whether it were thy Ship I did doubt,
because such colours thou didst not put out.
But when thy Ship to shore did nearer stand,
and a fair gale did bring it close to land,
A Womans face I straightway did behold,
Which made my heart to tremble, and wax cold.
And while I stood doating there, I might espy
thy Sweet-heart that did on thy bosom lie.
Then I wept, my breast I struck and beat,
and tore my cheeks, that with my tears were wet ;
Calling the Mountain *Ida* with my cries ;
and there I did bewail my miseries.

May *Helena* at last so weep, so grieve,
 When thou dost falsely her forsake and leave :
 And may she that to me this wrong doth offer,
 Be wrong'd in the like kind, and like wrong suffer.
 When thou wert poor, and led'st a Shepherds life,
 None but *Oenone* was thy loving Wife.
 'Tis not thy wealth, nor state that I admire ;
 Nor to be *Priam's* Daughter do I desire.
 Yet *Priam*, nor his *Hecubi*, need disdain
 Me for their Daughter, since I worthy am,
 I am fit to be a Princess to command,
 A Royal Scepter would become my hand.
 Despise me not, because that I with thee
 Have lain under some shady Beechen-tree ;
 For I am fitter for thy Royal Bed,
 When it with Purple Quilts is covered.
 Lastly, my Love is safest, since for me
 No wars shall follow, nor no fleet shall be
 Sent forth ; but if thou *Helena* do take,
 She shall by force of arms be fetched back.
 Blood is the portion which thou shalt obtain,
 If thou dost Marry with this stately Dame.
 Ask *Hector* and *Deiphobus*, if she
 Should not unto the *Greeks* restored be ;
 Ask *Priam*, and *Antenor* wise and grave,
 Who by their age much deep experience have.
 For to prefer a beauteous rape before
 Thy Country, must be bad and base all o'er.
 Since to defend a bad cause is a shame,
 Her Husband shall just Wars 'gainst thee maintain.
 Nor think that *Helen* faithful will become,
 Who was so quickly woo'd, so quickly won.
 As *Menelaus* grieves, because that she
 Hath with a stranger, by adultery,
 Wrong'd the chaste rites of the Nuptial bed,
 And let a stranger so adorn his head :

thou wilt then confels no art, or cost
 in purchase honesty that once is lost.
 That is bad once, will in bad perseuer,
 and being bad once will be bad for ever.
 She loves thee, so she before did Love
Antony, unto whom she false did prove.
 Thou might'st have been more faithfull unto me;
 My Brother was to fair *Andromache*.
 Thou art lighter than dry leaves, which be
 every wanton wind blown off the tree:
 Like the waving corn, which every whiff
 of wind doth bend, untill it grow more stiff.
 My Cousin once (for I remember't well)
 With dishevell'd hair did thus my fate foretel;
 What dost thou *Oenone*? why dost thou sow
 the barren sands? Or why dost thou thus go
 out to plough the shore? it is in vain;
 Each fruitless tillage can yield thee no gain.
 A *Grecian* Maid is coming that shall be
 fatal unto thy Country, and to thee.
 And may the Ship be drown'd In the salt flood,
 Whose sad arrival shall cost so much Blood.
 When she had said thus, straight my flaxen hair
 began to heave and stand upright for fear.
 As, thou wert too true a Prophetess,
 For she is come and doth my place possess!
 Yet she is but a fair Adulteress,
 Who with a strangers love was so soon took;
 And for his sake her Country hath forsook.
 Besides, one *Theseus* (though I know not whom)
 brought her out of the Country long ago.
 And canst thou think an amorous young man
 Would send her a pure Virgin back again?
 Thou wouldst know how I these truths descry,
 Is my Love, Love doth in all things pry.
 Thou call'st her fault a Rape, yet that name
 may seem to hide her fault, but not her shame.

Since

Since she so often from her Country went,
 'Twas not by violence, but by her consent,
 Though by deceit thou me instructed hast,
 Yet *Oenone* still remaineth chaste.
 I hid me in the Woods, while th' wanton rout
 Of nimble Satyrs sought to find me out:
 And horned Fawns with wreaths of sharp pine crown'd,
 Over the Mountain *Ida* sought me round.
 For great *Apollo* that protecteth *Troy*
 The spoil of my Virginitie did enjoy
 By force against my will; for which disgrace
 I tore my guiltless hair and scratch'd my face:
 Yet neither precious stones could me entice,
 Nor gold; for I set on my self no price:
 She that hath wit, and ingenuity,
 Seemeth for gifts to sell Virginitie.
Apollo thought me worthy to impart
 To me the skill of Physick, and his Art:
 The virtue of all Herbs he did reveal
 To me, and shew'd what Herbs have power to heal.
 Yet wo's me, that no powerful Herb is found,
 That can recure *Loves* inward bleeding wound.
 Since great *Apollo* who did first invent
 The art of Physick, yet for my sake went
 And kept *Admetus* Oxen; for the flame
 Of my love turn'd him to a Shepherd-swain:
 Though *Apollo's* art, nor Herbs, cannot relieve me;
 Yet thou canst help me and to me comfort give me;
 Thou canst, O then have pity on a Maid;
 For me the *Grecians* shall not thee invade.
 As from my blooming yeas, and childish time
 I have been, so let me still remain thine;

Oenone.



The Argument of the sixth Epistle.

THE Oracle had told Pelias the Son of Neptune, that he should be near his death, when, as he was sacrificing to his Father, he should come to him with one foot naked and bare. As he was performing his yearly sacrifice, Jason Son to Æson, and his Nephew, having left one of his shoes sticking in the mud of the River Anau-
 us, basting to the sacrifice, meets him with one foot naked. Pelias
 remembring the Oracle, perswades Jason to go to Colchos to fetch
 the

the golden Fleece, hoping his destruction by the impossibility of attempt. But courageous Jason willingly undertook the Voyage, so accompanied with many Grecian Nobles, he set forth in the Argo from Pegasus a Haven of Thessaly, and sailed to the Lemnos: where when the Women consented to kill all the Men one night, Hypsipyle who had only preserved her Father Thesalus alive, then reigned, and at board and bed kindly entertained Jason. But after two years, the time and importunity of his company urged him to proceed in his intended attempt, he leaves Hypsipyle a young Child, and sails to Colchos; where by Medea's art having chained as the Dragon fast asleep, and overcome the fierce Bulls, he brought away the golden Fleece and Medea. Hypsipyle being grieved that Medea was preferred before her, in this Epistle gratulates Jason's return, rails on Medea's cruelty and witchcraft, to make her contemptible; and lastly, curses both Jason and Medea.

HYPSIPHILE to JASON.

TO Thessaly thou art return'd again,
 Rich in the golden Fleece, which thou did'st gain.
 I am glad thou'rt well, yet it were better
 If I had heard of thy health by thy Letter.
 It may be that the wind did not stand fair,
 That to my Kingdom thou couldst not repair;
 And yet although contrary winds stood cross,
 To venture a Letter had been no loss.
 Hypsipyle had deserv'd thy salutations,
 Sent in a Letter of kind commendations.
 I heard not by thy Letters but by Fame,
 That thou didst Mars his sacred Oxen tame;
 And how the Dragons teeth being sow'd, did bring
 Forth armed men, which from the earth did spring;
 In whose Blood thou didst not thy hand embrew,
 For those Sons of Earth one another flew.
 And from the watchful Dragon while he slept,
 Thou took'st the golden Fleece which he had kept.

that sudden joy had I conceiv'd at it,
 thou this joyful news to me hadst writ?
 thy unkindness why do I complain?
 fear thou dost my former love disdain.
 barbarous enchantress thou hast brought,
 here more worthy of thy love hast thought;
 I soon believes; yet I wish, I may be
 surpris'd for rashness in accusing thee.
 When *Thessaly* a stranger came of late,
 as soon as he was come to my gate,
 he told him how my *Jason* did, and staid
 looking down to the ground no answer made;
 straightway into a passion I did break,
 tearing my garments, and thus I did speak;
 Tell me if that my *Jason* live, that I
 may be dead, may follow him and die.
 He lives, says he: and yet through loving fear
 scarce believ'd him, though that he did swear.
 When my doubtful mind his words believ'd,
 what valiant deeds thou hast achiev'd?
 He related the whole story how
 thou mad'st the brazen-footed Oxen plough.
 Now from the Dragons teeth on the earth sow'd
 the harvest of brave armed Souldiers grow'd;
 Which earth-sprung men did straightway fall at jars,
 and slew each other in their civil Wars:
 And that thou kill'dst the Dragon: when I heard
 these deeds of thine, again I grew appear'd.
 Again I asked him, if *Jason* did live,
 his words through fear I hardly could believe;
 but by the carriage of his speech I found,
 that thy unkindness had given me a wound.
 These are thy promises, those marriage bands,
 which once did joyn our loving hearts and hands?
 where is *Hymen's* Torch that burnt so bright?
 but to have been a sad Funeral light.

D

I was

I was no whore ; *Juno* and *Hymen* too
 At our glad Nuptials themselves did show !
 Not *Juno* nor *Hymen*, when we did marry,
 But *Erinnys* did the fatal torches carry.
 The *Thessalians* and *Minnans* strangers were
 To me ; and why did *Tiphys* put in here
 His ship ? Here is no wealthy Ram doth bear
 A golden Fleece upon his back, nor here
 Doth old *Aeo's* fair lofty Palace stand.
 This *Lemnia* is a little small Island ;
 I had resolv'd (but fate did it withstand)
 To drive thee from hence with a Feminine band.
 Though *Lemnian* Women had their Husbands kill'd,
 I thought 'twas pity thy blood should be spill'd.
 Thy first sight in me such a liking bred,
 That I entertain'd thee at board and bed.
 And thou two Summers with me stay'dst here,
 And while two Winters also passed were.
 And the third year, when thou didst sail away,
 With weeping tears unto me thou didst say,
Hypsipbile, though I am forced to go
 And leave thee here, yet I would have thee know,
 That till I do return again, I'll be
 Always a faithful Husband unto thee.
 And may that prosper which is in thy womb,
 To make me a glad Parent when I come ;
 Then down thy face thy cunning tears did fall,
 The rest for grief thou could'st not speak at all.
 Of all thy company thou went'st last of all
 Aboard the ship which thou didst *Argo* call :
 Away it flies, when once the hollow sail
 Was driven forward with a lusty gale ;
 And while thy ship the blew waves pass'd o'er,
 I lookt upon the Sea, thou to the shore.
 And then into my Turret I did go,
 While tears did down my cheeks and bosom flow :

looked through my tears and they did seem,
 as if the watry perspectives had been :
 for thorow them me thought that I could view,
 things further off than I was wont to do.
 Then I made vows and I did chastly pray
 for thy return, which vows I now should pay.
 But shall I pay vows for *Medea's* good ?
 Love mixt with anger doth enrage my Blood.
 Because I have lost *Jason* that doth live.
 Shall I Sacrifices on the Altar give ?
 Must confesse I always was afraid
 lest thou shouldst Marry some young Grecian Maid.
 I fear'd the Grecian Maids, but thou hast brought
 a barbarous Harlot, of whom I ne'er thought :
 she cannot please thee with her beauteous look,
 With her charms and skill In herbs thou art took.
 For from the Sphere she can call down the Moon,
 And hide in clouds the Horses of the Sun;
 she can make Rivers stay their hasty course,
 And make green woods and stones remove by force.
 Into the grave with loosen'd hair she comes,
 And out of the warm ashes gathers bones.
 When she would bewitch another, she doth frame
 wax his picture ? and to entreate his pain
 In the heart of it small needles doth stick,
 Which maketh his own heart to ake and prick.
 And by her curst charms she can force love,
 Which beauty and fair virtue ought to move.
 How canst thou then embrace her with delight ?
 Or sleep securely by her in the night ?
 As she did with charms the Dragon quell ?
 And Bulls, so she hath charm'd thee with a spell ;
 Of glory she will have a share,
 For of those deeds by thee performed were.
 And some of *Pelias* side will think each deed
 Achine, did from the force of charm, proceed ;

And that though *Jason* sailed unto Greece,
Medea brought away the Golden Fleece,
 Thy Father and thy Mother both are worth,
 That thou should bring a Wife out of the North.
 A Husband for her may at home be found,
 Or else where *Tanais* doth *Scythia* bound.
 But *Jason* is more fickle than the wind,
 And in his words no constancy I find
 As thou wentst forth, why didst not come again?
 Coming and going I thy Wife remain.
 If Nobility of Birth can thee content,
 King *Thoas* is my Father by descent;
Bacchus my Uncle is, whose Wifes crown shines
 With Stars enlightning all the lesser Signs.
 And faithful *Lemnos* shall my Dowry be,
 Which thou might'st have, if that thou wouldst have me.
Jason for my delivery may be glad
 Of that sweet burthen which by him I had,
 For *Lucina* unto me so kind hath been,
 That I two Children unto thee did bring.
 They are most like to thee in outward show,
 Yet they their Fathers falshood do not know:
 These Young Ambassadors I to thee had sent,
 But their Step-mother hindred my intent;
 I feared fierce *Medea*, whose hands be
 Ready to act all kind of villany.
 She that her Brothers Limbs could peace-meal tear,
 Would she have pity on my Children dear?
 And yet her charms have madly blinded thee,
 To prefer her before *Hypsipbile*.
 She was an Adulteress when she first knew thee,
 I by chaste Marriage was given to thee:
 She betray'd her Father, I sav'd mine from death:
 She forsook *Colchos*, but me *Lemnos* hath.
 And though her dowry be her wickedness,
 From me she got my Husband nevertheless.

I blame the *Lemnian* Womens act,
 For wronged sorrow thrust us on each fact.
 Tell me, suppose Cross winds by chance had driven
 Thee and thy company into my Haven;
 With my Children I had come to meet thee.
 With curses might not I most justly greet thee?
 How couldst thou look upon my Babes or me?
 What death deserv'st thou for thy treachery?
 To preserve thee it had my mercy been,
 And sure I had thought thou unworthy seem.
 And with the Harlots Blood I would not fail
 To fill my cheeks, which her charms have made pale,
 As *Medea* to *Medea* I would be,
 And furiously revenge my injury.
 If great *Jupiter* will my prayer receive,
 Like to *Hypsiphile*, so may she grieve.
 And since she like a Succubus me wrongs,
 May she know what unto my grief belongs.
 And as I am of my Husband bereft,
 May she be a Widow with two Children left;
 As to her Brother, and her Father she
 Was cruel, may she to her Husband be.
 And may she wander, o'er Earth, Sea and Air
 A hated murderess, hopeless, poor, and bare.
 Having lost my Husband thus I pray beside,
 May he live accursed with his wicked Bride.



The Argument of the seventh Epistle

After the destruction of Troy, Æneas the son of Anchises and Venus, taking his Penates or household Gods with him, goes to Sea with twenty Ships. Through tempestuous weather at Sea he is driven to Lybia, where Dido (as Virgil hath feigned) Daughter to Belus, and Wife to Sichæus, Hercules Priest, leaving Tyre for the cruel avarice of her Brother Pigmalion, who had unwarily kill'd her Husband for his wealth, had built the new City Carthage: she most magnificently entertained Æneas and his company.

loved him, and enjoyed him : But when Mercury admonish
 him to depart for Italy, which Country the Oracle had promised
 him; Dido, having in vain endeavoured by entreaty to divert him
 from his purpose, and stay his journey, being sick to death, writes
 to him, accusing him as the cause of her death.

DIDO to ÆNEAS.

AS the Swan by Mæanders fords doth lie
 In the moist weeds, and sings before she die :
 So I not hoping to perswade thy stay,
 Since one that will not her me, I do pray.
 Having lost my credit and Virginity,
 To lose a few words a small loss will be ;
 For thy poor Dido thou meanest to forsake,
 And unto Sea will a new voyage make.
 Æneas, thou wilt needs depart from me,
 To find strange Kingdoms out in Italy.
 Thou car'st not for new Carthage, or for my Lands
 Whose Scepter I have given into thy hands.
 Thou shun'st my Country which might be thy own,
 And seek'st a Country unto thee unknown ;
 Which if thou findest out, thou canst not gain ;
 For who will suffer a stranger to raig ?
 Thou seek'st another Dido, whom in Love
 Thou may'st deceive and false unto her prove ;
 Or when like unto Carthage canst thou build
 A City, that doth store of people yield ?
 All things happen to thee prosperously,
 Where wilt thou find so kind a Wife as I ?
 Like a wax Taper I burn with desire,
 Or like sweet incense in the funeral fire ;
 And still I wish, Æneas would but stay,
 Æneas I do think on night and day.

He careless of my love, and gifts doth seem,
 Had I been wise I had not car'd for him.
 Yet I cannot hate *Aeneas*, although he
 Doth plot some unkind dealing against me.
 Of thy unfaithfulness I do complain,
 Having complain'd, I love thee more again.
 Spare me O *Venus*, since thou art his Mother;
 Help me, O *Cupid*, since thou art his Brother;
 Soften his heart, that he may milder prove,
 And be a Souldier in the Tents of Love.
 And since to love him I think it no shame,
 O may he love me with a mutual flame!
 Thou art some false *Aeneas* I do find,
 Thou dost not bear thy Mothers gentle mind.
 Stones, Rocks, and Oaks are hard like to thy breast,
 More Mercilefs than any Savage Beast,
 Or than the Seas, which winds do now incense,
 Yet with contrary winds thou wouldst go hence:
 Winter to stay thy journey hence essays,
 Look how the Eastern winds the waves do raise.
 Then to the winds let me beholding be,
 Though for thy stay, I had rather owe't to thee.
 But I see rugged Seas, and blustering wind
 More just and gentle are, than thy false mind.
 To untimely death I would not have thee come,
 (Although deserv'd) while thou from me dost run,
 Is thy life so cheap, or hatred such at most,
 That thou wilt leave me though thy life is cost?
 The winds and waves, their fury will appease,
 When *Triton* drives his blew steeds o'er the Seas.
 Would thy affections would change with the wind!
 They will if thou bear'st not a cruel mind.
 Had'st thou not known the Sea, what would'st thou do?
 Since having try'd it, thou wilt trust it too.
 Though to weigh Anchor the smooth Sea perswade thee;
 Yet in the Ocean dangers may invade thee;

The Sea doth favor no unfaithful men,
 But for unfaithfulness doth punish them.
 Especially such as do their sweet-hearts wrong,
 Since naked *Venus* from the green Sea sprung.
 Take care for him, that would me forsake,
 And am affraid the Sea should thee shipwrack.
 We, for bad fame is worse than death can be,
 When the World shall say that thou hast kill'd me.
 Suppose a storm at Sea should thee assail;
 Would not thy courage then begin to quail?
 Thy false oaths then would come into thy mind,
 And *Dido* whom thou kill'dst by being unkind,
 Thy bloody shape would hideously appear
 Before thy eyes; with loose long-spreading hair:
 When thou wouldst say, this thundering storm is sent
 Justly, for my deserved punishment.
 Will thou maist go safely, do but stay;
 Would comfort me, if thou wouldst delay
 Thy voyage; spare *Ascanius* thy Son,
 Though I by thee to untimely death do come.
 What have *Ascanius*, or those Gods deserv'd
 Crowning, which were by thee from fire preserv'd?
 But though thou brag'dst to me; yet I do fear,
 Thy Gods and Father thou didst never bear,
 Upon thy shoulders, through the flaming Fire;
 Or I am jealous that thou wert a lyer;
 Or I am not the first, whom thou didst wrong,
 Or first deceive with thy alluring tongue.
Ascanius Mother too by thee was left,
 And thy unkindness her of life bereft.
 Thou told'st me so much, which I now believe,
 And this sad story made my heart to grieve;
 And that the Gods do hate thee it appears,
 Who hadst wander'd by sea and land seven years;
 Given by storms I did thee entertain,
 And gave thee all, ere I scarce knew thy name;

And

And would that I had only been content
 To have entertain'd thee, and no further went.
 For I should happy be if Fame would die,
 And never tell how I with thee did lie.
 That day was fatal, when a showre us drave
 To meet together in a silent Cave.
 Me thought I heard the Nymphs begin to howl,
 The furies at that present time did scowl.
 Now thou dost punish me for *Sichem* sake,
 To whom my faith I then did violate.
 And sure my Ghost will even blush for shame,
 When after death we two do meet again.
Sichem Statue in a sacred place
 Stands cover'd with leaves and a woollen case:
 From whence me thought a hollow voice did say,
 And sometimes call, *Elisa*, Come away.
 I come, and yet the fault that I have done
 Is the cause that I am so slow to come.
 Pardon me, since that no base fellow wrought
 My ruine, and this may excuse my fault,
 Since he from *Venus* and *Anchises* came,
 I hoped that he faithful would remain.
 And though I err'd, I had a good intent;
 Of his falshood, not my error I repent;
 But as at first, so now at last I find,
 "That fortune still doth prove to me unkind.
 My Brother at the sacred Altar kill'd
 My Husband, and his Blood for wealth he spill'd,
 And after like a banisht Creature I
 From my own Country was enforc'd to fly.
 Scaping my Brother, strangers here receiv'd me,
 And bought this Land which I would have given thee.
 And built this City compassing it withal,
 Even round about with a defensive Wall.
 Then sudden Wars did me straightway invade
 Before that I the City gates had made:

And many suiters did of me approve,
 Who all did come to wooe, and win my love.
 Now to *Iarbas* I yield me up at leisure,
 Since thou hast obtain'd of me thy own pleasure.
 My Brother in my Blood desires to stain.
 His hand, by whom my Husband first was slain.
Neas, do not thou presume to touch
 The Altars of those Gods, who would too much
 Thy presumptuous prayers be profan'd,
 Lift not unto the Gods an impure hand;
 If to worship them thou shouldst aspire,
 They would be sorry that they escap'd the fire.
 And that I am with Child too it may be,
 And that the fruits of Love now grow in me.
 And as thou hast the Mother first undone,
 Unto untimely death my Babe shall come.
 That *Ascanius* his unborn Brother
 Shall die like an unripe fruit in his Mother.
 For *Mercury* for staying here hath chid thee,
 Would he had for coming too forbid thee,
 And I do wish the *Trojans* had ne're found,
 Or landed on the *Carthaginian* ground.
 If with contrary Winds thou hast long time
 Sought that land which *Apollo* did assign.
 To return to *Troy* thou wouldst not take such pain,
Hector liv'd, and *Troy* did stand again.
 Thou seekst not *Simois*, but swift *Tybris* River,
 And shalt be a stranger when thou comest hither;
 Which thou shalt not discover, nor behold,
 Till perhaps thou art in years grown old.
 I rather take this Kingdom, and the wealth
 Of *Pigmalion*, as a dowry to my self.
 The ancient *Troy* in *Carthage* now remain,
 And thou the Royal Scepter and here Reign.
 Thou, or else thy young Son *Julius* are
 Desirous to get honour by the War;

Here

Here thou shalt find a foe to evercome,
 For sometimes the red Colours and the Drum
 Do banish peace, therefore I intreat of thee,
 As thou lov'st thy Countries Gods and Company,
 Spare me ; I beg it by thy Brothers darts,
 Young *Cupid*, that doth wound all mortal hearts.
 May the *Trojans* still victorious be,
 And *Troys* destruction end the misery.
 May *Ascanius* in his youth be blest,
 May *Anchises* bones still softly rest.
 Though I offer thee my self, do not reject me ;
 What is my fault, but that I do affect thee ?
 I am not come of the *Micenean* Blood,
 My Friends, or Father, thou art not withstood.
 Or if to call me Wife thou dost disdain,
 Call me thy Hostess, I will take that name.
 Or with any other name thou shalt assign,
 I am content, so *Dido* may be thine.
 I know the Seas, that beat the *Africk* shoar
 At certain seasons may be passed o'er ;
 When the wind stand fair, thou wilt sail away,
 Now thy ships in the weedy haven stay.
 The time of thy departure let me know,
 I'll not stay thee, if thou desir'st to go.
 At yet thy Company desire some rest,
 Or rig, and trim thy torn ships were best.
 If I have deserved any way
 Of thee, I beg of thee a while to stay,
 Till the Sea grow calm, and till my Love
 My use of time more temperate do prove,
 That I may learn, by length of time to be
 Valiant in suffering of adversity.
 Not, to kill my self is my intent,
 To be cruel to me thou art bent.
 Or I do wish, thou couldst behold or see
 What sad posture I do write to thee.

the hand to write unto thee doth afford,
the other hand doth hold thy *Trojan* Sword.
And down my cheeks the trickling tears do slide
on the sword, which shall with my blood be dy'd.
Was thy fatal gift, and it may be
send me to my Grave thou gav'st it me ;
And though this first do wound my outward part,
The cruel Love long since did wound my heart.
Sister *Anna*, thou that counsell'd'st me
to yield to Love, shalt now my funeral see.
In th' Urn, to which my ashes thou commit,
Thy Wife to *Sicheus* shall be writ.
And these two Verses shall engraven be
on the Marble that doth cover me ;
Eneas did to me my death afford, —
For *Dido* kill'd her self with his own Sword.

The



The Argument of the eighth Epistle.

Hermione the Daughter of Menelaus and Helena, whose Grand-father by her Mothers side, to whom Menelaus had committed the government of his house, when he went to Troy, betrothed to Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Her Father Menelaus not knowing thereof, betrothed her to Pyrrhus the son of Achilles, who at last returning from the Trojan Wars, stole away Hermione. But she, loving Pyrrhus and loving Orestes, admonishes him by this Letter that she might be easily taken from Pyrrhus; and she obtains

For Orestes being freed from his madness, for murdering
 Clytemnestra and his Mother, he slew Pyrrhus in Apollo's Tem-
 ple, and took her again.

HERMIONE to ORESTES.

Hermione writes to him that was of late
 Her Husband, now anothers Wife by fate.
 Achilles stout Son takes delight
 To keep me from thee against law and right.
 I would strive with him, but my force did fail,
 A Womens strength could not 'gainst him prevail.
 I quoth I, what dost thou do? e'er long
 My Lord on thee will sure revenge this wrong.
 Of Orestes name he would not hear,
 He drag'd me home even by my loosen'd hair.
 Could the barbarous foe Lacedamon take,
 He could but thus of me a captive make.
 And conquering Greece us'd not Andromache,
 When they set fire of Troy, as he us'd me.
 Orestes if thou'rt toucht with this despight,
 Fetch me back again, I am thy right.
 Fetch thy stolen cattel thou wilt go,
 Why then to fetch thy Wife art thou to slow?
 Thy Father why dost not example take;
 Who by a just War did his Wife fetch back?
 He led in his Court an idle life,
 His Mother then had been young Paris Wife.
 Thou do come, thou needst not to provide
 An Army, or flore of Souldiers beside;
 So I might be fetched back again,
 My Husband for his Wife may War maintain.
 My Uncle was Uncle unto eicher,
 That thou art my Husband and my Brother.

O ! Husband then, and Brother help thou me,
 For these two names implore some help of thee.
 My Grand-father *Tyndarus*, grave in his life
 Deliver'd me unto thee as thy Wife.
 My Father unto *Pyrrhus* promis'd me.
 But my Grand-father would dispose of me.
 When I marry'd thee, I did to none belong,
 If *Pyrrhus* marry me, he doth thee wrong.
 My Father will let us love, and enjoy,
 For he was wounded by the winged Boy,
 And will permit us to love one another,
 In the like sort as he did love my mother.
 As he my Mothers Husband was, thou art
 My Husband, *Pyrrhus* playeth *Paris* part.
 Though he boast deeds were by his Father done,
 Thy Father by his actions fame hath won.
Achilles did for a common Souldier stand
 But *Agamemnon* Captains did command.
Pelops, and his Father thy Ancestors were,
 Thou art but five descents from *Jupiter*.
 Nor didst thou courage want, though thou didst kill
 Thy Father, and his precious blood didst spill ;
 Would thy Valour had been happilier employ'd,
 Though he were unwillingly by thee destroy'd.
 For thou *Aegisthus* kill'dst unluckily,
 And didst fulfil thy hapless fate thereby.
 When *Achilles* urgeth this one fault of thine,
 And before me doth make it a great crime:
 My blushing colour, and my heart doth rise,
 And my old love revives, and glowing lies
 Within my breast, if that *Orestes* be
 By any one accused to *Hermione*.
 For then I have no strength in any part ;
 As if a sword were thrust into my heart,
 I weep, and then my tears my anguish show,
 Which like two Rivers down my bosom flow.

plenty of tears I only have, which rise,
 Wetting my cheeks, from the springs of my eyes.
 And this sad Fate which happens unto me,
 Hath been the fortune of our Family.
 Need not tell how *Jupiter* became,
 To deceive us, a fair and milk-white Swan.
 How *Hippodamia* in a strangers Chariot,
 Over the *Hellespont* was swiftly carried.
 My Mother *Helen* in *Paris* took delight,
 For whom the *Grecians* ten whole years did fight.
 My Grand-father, my Sister and each Brother
 Began to weep for the loss of my Mother;
 And *Leda* did her earnest prayers prefer
 Unto the Gods, and to her *Jupiter*;
 While I did tear my hair and to her cry'd,
 Father must I without you here abide?
 And lest that I should not be thought to be
 Of *Peleus* most unhappy progeny;
 My Mother being with *Paris* gone away,
 Unto *Pyrrhus* soon was made a prey.
Achilles had escap'd *Apollo's* bow,
 He would have then condemn'd his Son, I know.
 He knew by *Briseis* loss, which he could not brook,
 That from their husbands wives should not be took.
 Why are the Gods thus cruel unto me?
 What sad Star rul'd at my Nativity?
 For in my younger years I was bereft
 Of my Mother, and was of my Father left,
 Who went unto the wars, yet ne'ertheless,
 Although they liv'd yet I was Parentless,
 For could delight my Mother, as you see
 Children will do, with stammering flattery;
 For round about her neck my weak arms clap,
 While she would fondly set me on her lap.
 For did she teach me how to dress my head.
 For did she bring me to my Marriage bed.

For when she did return (truth I'll not smother)
 I did not know her then to be my Mother.
 I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
 She knew not me when as I did my duty.
 'Mongst all these miseries I most unhappy am,
 That *Orestes* for my Husband I did gain.
 Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,
 Unless he do fight for himself and me :
Pyrrhus hath took me, and doth me enjoy,
 This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.
 Yet while the Sun with his bright rays doth shine,
 My sorrows are more gentle all that time.
 But when at night with grief I go to bed,
 And on my pillow rest my weary head ;
 The tears, when I should entertain soft sleep,
 Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weep;
 And from my Husbands side as far off lie,
 As if he were to me an Enemy.
 Sometimes through grief forgetting where I am,
 I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and again
 I have pluckt back my hand ; for I did grutch
 That I his body with my hand should touch.
 Such was my hatred, that I did esteem
 My hands by touching him, had polluted been.
 And it doth often chance that I do call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth befall,
 I love my error, as a sign of luck,
 When I have thy name, for his name mistook.
 By *Jupiter*, from whom our house did rise,
 Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and Skies,
 I pray, by thy Fathers, and thy Uncles bones,
 Which do rest underneath their marble stones,
 That I may presently resign my life,
 Or else may be once more *Orestes* Wife.

Venus makes thee basely think it meet,
 put thy humble neck beneath her feet.
 The World environ'd round with the blew seas,
 is settled by thy conquering hand in peace,
 which both sea and land enjoy sweet rest.
 Thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.
Hercules strength, and *Atlas*'s were even,
Hercules and *Atlas* bore up Heaven.
 If with lust thy former deeds thou stain,
 thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.
 Thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy Father,
 when thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
 Thy Child-hood and thy Man-hood I do see,
 thy life and death are different be.



The Argument of the ninth Epistle.

Jupiter having joyned three nights in one, begot *Hercules* on *Alcmena*, in the shape of her husband *Amphytrio*; *Eurytheus* of the *Mycenians*, by *Juno*'s subtilty perswades him to attempt vault labours, so to endanger his life. Yet he by strength and politicks always got the victory; and to obtain *Dejanira* for his wife, *Atreus* a River of *Ætolia*, after many changes of shapes, he overcame him in the figure of a Bull; yet though he overcame many Monsters,

For when she did return (truth I'll not smother)
I did not know her then to be my Mother.
I knew that she was *Helen* by her beauty,
She knew not me when as I did my duty.
'Mongst all these miseries I most unhappy am,
That *Orestes* for my Husband I did gain.
Yet he, alas, shall from me taken be,
Unless he do fight for himself and me :
Pyrrhus hath took me, and doth me enjoy,
This is all I got by the fall of *Troy*.
Yet while the Sun with his bright rays doth shine,
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But when at night with grief I go to bed,
And on my pillow rest my weary head ;
The tears, when I should entertain soft sleep,
Spring in my eyes, and I begin to weep;
And from my Husbands side as far off lie,
As if he were to me an Enemy.
Sometimes through grief forgetting where I am,
I have toucht some part of *Pyrrhus*, and again
I have pluckt back my hand ; for I did grutch
That I his body with my hand should touch.
Such was my hatred, that I did esteem
My hands by touching him, had polluted been.
And it doth often chance that I do call
Pyrrhus, *Orestes*, and it doth besal,
I love my error, as a sign of luck,
When I have thy name, for his name mistook.
By *Jupiter*, from whom our house did rise,
Who ruleth both the Sea, the Land, and Skies,
I pray, by thy Fathers, and thy Uncles bones,
Which do rest underneath their marble stones,
That I may presently resign my life,
Or else may be once more *Orestes* Wife.



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*being much griev'd hereat, she clears her self that she did
thereby intend his destruction but the reigning of his love. And
cludes with a Tragical resolution.*

DEJANIRA to HERCULES.

I Am glad that thou *Oechalia* hast won,
For Husbands honor doth the Wife become.
But I am sorry that a Captives beauteous look
Should take the Conquerour, that hath her took.
When Fame the sad report at first did bring
To the Greek Cities on her nimble wing;
Methought this action was not of the colour
Of those brave deeds, which shew thy glory fuller,
Whom *Juno*, nor her labours ever broke,
Iole made him yield unto her yoke.
Eurystheus is glad, and *Jupiter's* Wife:
To see this action blot thy fair spent life;
Nor can I think three nights were joyn'd in one
At thy begetting or conception.
Venus is worse than *Juno* thy step-Dame,
For by oppressing thee she rais'd thy fame.

Venus makes thee basely think it meet,
 to put thy humble neck beneath her feet.
 The World inviron'd round with the blew seas,
 as ferted by thy conquering hand in peace,
 which both sea and land enjoy sweet rest.
 thy fame is spread abroad from East to West.
 thy strength, and *Atlas's* were even,
Hercules and *Atlas* bore up Heaven.
 if with lust thy former deeds thou stain,
 thy glory turneth to thy greater shame.
 thy Cradle thou wert like unto thy Father,
 when thou didst strangle two Snakes joyn'd together.
 thy Child-hood and thy Man-hood I do see,
 how far unlike, and far most different be.
 thy beginning was far better than thy end,
 And thy last act of thy life doth most offend.
 Wild-beasts, and enemies thou couldst overcome,
 but Love the Victory over thee hath won.
 I think I am well married, because I am
 wife to great *Hercules*; that very name
 happiness; besides my Father-in-law
Jove, whose thunder keeps the World in awe.
 but I am over-matched with thee now,
 unequal Oxen awkwardly do plough,
 thy honour like a Burthen I do carry,
 She's fitly matcht, that doth her equal marry.
 for *Hercules* is absent from me still;
 While he fierce Monsters and Wild-beasts doth kill.
 thus widowed, I offer Sacrifice,
 lest thou shouldst be slain by thy Enemies.
 I think I see how thou dost take delight,
 With Serpents, Boars and Lions still to fight
 strange Visions in my sleep to me appear,
 And my dreams oft put me into a fear.
 sometimes I do believe the common fame;
 sometimes I hope, sometimes I fear again.

My Mother is from home, and doth complain,
 Because her beauty did a God enflame.
Amphytrio thy own Father is from home,
 And little *Hyllus* also thy young son.
 I only do perceive *Euristheus* hath
 Made thee a sacrifice to *Juno's* wrath.
 To perform labours he did thee perswade,
 Which done, the Goddess wrath is not allay'd.
 And to encrease my grief thou dost approve
 A captive Maid, who is become thy love.
 I will not mention how thou didst dally
 With *Auge* in the sweet *Parthenian* valley;
 Or how the Nymph *Ormenes* was defil'd,
 And wantonly by thee was got with Child:
 Nor will I urge it as a fault, not I
 Thou didst with *Thespius* fifty Daughters lie.
 That which grieves me was thy Adultery,
 Which thou committedst with thy *Omphale*,
 And on her didst beget a bastard son,
 To whom I must a Mother-in-law become.
 The winding River which they call *Meander*,
 Who in his turning banks about doth wander,
 Hath seen when *Hercules* a fine chain wore
 On those shoulders which Heavens weight once bore.
 Didst thou not blush to wear a Golden Twist?
 Or Bracelet made of Pearl about thy wrist?
 Or that a Golden Bracelet should contain
 Thy brawny arms which hast so stoutly slain
 The *Nemean* Lion, whose rough shaggy hide
 Thou didst wear on thy shoulder and left side?
 Nay besides this thou didst descend to wear
 A Coll, or Kerchief on thy stubborn hair.
 'T were more fit thy Temples had been crown'd
 With victorious wreaths, than with a filler bound,
 Yet as thou wert some young Girl, thou hast
 Worn *Omphale's* girdle round about thy waist.

thou thought'st not of the fiery *Diomedes* as then,
 who fed his horses with the flesh of men.
 Had *Busiris* seen thee drest thus, he would be
 amaz'd that he had been o'recome by thee.
 He may knock off his bolts and chain,
 and set his neck at liberty again.
 What captive is there with patience can
 suffer under such an effeminate man?
 Besides, among the *Grecian* Maids ('tis said)
 that thou didst sir, and spin; and wert afraid
 of thy Mistress *Omphale*, when she esp'd thee
 by chance, should frown on thee, and chide thee.
 Thy victorious hands did not then scorn
 to spin, which once, such labours did perform.
 Thou didst draw the thread, with thy huge thumb,
 and gav'st account at night what thou hadst spun.
 Sometimes as thou sat'st spinning, thou hast broke
 with boysterous handling, both thy weel and rock:
 Like a poor unhappy wretch, 'tis said,
 that of thy mistress thou wert so afraid,
 that if she chide thee, thou wouldst trembling stand,
 in fear of swadling with a Holly wand,
 and to win favour thou wouldst often tell
 of thy labours, which thou ought'st to conceal;
 recounting unto her how thou hadst won
 such honor by those deeds which thou hadst done;
 how in thy child-hood thou didst boldly tear
 the *Hydra's* speckled jaws which hideous were;
 how thou didst kill the *Erymanthian* Boar,
 which on the ground lay weltring in his goar.
 And then of *Diomedes* didst relate,
 how he nail'd the heads of Men upon his Gate,
 and fed his pamper'd Horses with their flesh,
 till thou didst his cruelty suppress;
 and how thou hadst the Monster *Cacus* slain,
 that kept his flocks upon the hills of *Spain*:

And of three-headed *Cerberus* thou didst tell,
 Whom by his snaky hair thou drag'dst from hell;
 And how the *Hydra* by thy hand was slain,
 Whose heads being lopt off would grow forth again,
 And of *Anteus*, whom thou crusht to death
 Between thy arms, and didst squeeze out his breath.
 And how the *Centaures* thou subdu'dst by force
 That were half Men, and half like to a Horse.
 When thou wert in soft silken robes array'd,
 To tell these stories wert thou not dismay'd?
 Did'st thou think whil'st thou didst thy labours tell,
 That a Womans Habit did become thee well?
 While *Omphale* hath took thy Lyons skin
 A way from thee, and drest her self therein,
 To boast now of thy valour it is vain,
 For *Omphale* in thy stead plays the man:
 For she in valour doth exceed thee far,
 Since she hath conquered the Conqueror;
 And by subjecting thee, she now hath won
 The glory, which did unto thee belong.
 O shame to think! the skin which thou didst tear
 Off the Lyons ribs, thy *Omphale* doth wear;
 Thou art deceiv'd, 'tis not the Lyons spoil;
 Thou foil'dst the Lyon, she thy self doth foil;
 And she that only knoweth how to spin,
 To wear thy Weapons also doth begin.
 She takes thy conquering Club into her hand,
 And afterwards before her glass will stand,
 Viewing her self, to see what she hath done,
 If that her Husbands weapons her become.
 I could not believe, when I heard it said,
 The sad report unto my heart convey'd
 Much grief; but now my wretched eyes beheld
 The Harlot *Iole*, that thy courage quell'd.
 Such are my wrongs, that I must needs reveal
 My grief, and sorrow I cannot conceal.

You broughtst her through the City in despite,
 Cause I should behold the hated sight;
 Like a Captive, with her hair unbound,
 And a dejected look fixt on the ground;
 Of rich cloth of Gold her garments were,
 Such as thy self in *Phrygia* did wear;
 And in her passage graciously did look
 On the people as if she had *Hercules* took;
 As if her Father liv'd and did command
Phylia, which was rais'd by thy hand.
Dejanira it may be thou wilt forsake,
 And of thy former Whore a Wife wilt make;
 That *Hymen* shall joyn both the heart and hands
 Of *Hercules* and *Iole* in his bands.
 When in my mind these passages I behold,
 My hands and limbs with fear grow stiff and cold.
 Come thou formerly didst take delight,
 And for my sake two several times didst fight;
 Slucking off *Achelous* horn, who after
 Hid his head in his own muddy water.
 And *Messus* was slain by the poison'd head
 Of thy arrow, whose blood dy'd the River red.
 O alas! I heard abroad by fame,
 Thou art tormented with much grief and pain,
 By the shirt dipt in his blood, which I sent thee,
 Yet indeed no harm at all I meant thee.
 It be so, then what am I become?
 What is it that thy furious love hath done;
 O *Dejanira* straight resolve to die,
 And end at once thy grief and misery.
 Shall this same poison'd shirt tear off his skin?
 And wilt thou live that hath the causer been
 Of all his torment? No, though not my life,
 My death shall shew that I was *Hercule's* Wife.
 And *Meleager*, I will shew thereby
 My self thy Sister, I'm resolv'd to die.

O unhappy fate! *Oeneus* royal throne
(My Father who is very aged grown)
Agrus hath, *Tydeus* in foreign land
Doth wander still, and in the fatal brand
Meleager perished, and my Mother kill'd
Her self, and with her hand her own blood spill'd.
Then why doth *Dejanira* doubt to die,
And so conclude this wicked Tragedy?
Yet this one suit to thee I only move;
And beg this of thee for our former love;
That thou wouldst not believe nor think I meant
To procure thy death, by that gift I sent.
For when the cruel *Centaure* bleeding lay
With thy arrow in his breast, he then did say,
This blood if thou the vertue of it prove,
Will cause affection, and procure true love,
But now his treachery I have understood;
For I dipt a shirt into his poison'd blood:
And sent it, which hath caused thy misery;
O *Dejanira* straight resolve to die.
Farewel my Father, *George* too farewel,
Farewel my Brother and Country where I dwell.
And I do bid farewel to the day-light,
Of which my eyes shall never more have sight.
Farewel to *Hyllus* my young little Son,
Farewel my Husband. Death, I come, I come.



The Argument of the tenth Epistle.

Minos the son of Jupiter and Europa, because the Athenians had treacherously slain his son Androgeus, enforced them by War to send him every year as a tribute, seven young Men, as many young Virgins to be devoured by the Minotaure, which Dejalus Art Pasiphae had by a Bull, while her Husband Minos was at the Athenian Wars. The lot falling on Theseus, he was sent amongst

amongst the rest ; but Ariadne instructed him how to kill the Minotaur, and return again out of the Labyrinth, as Catullus saith,

Errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo.

Guiding his steps, which she led,

By a Clew of slender thread.

Afterward Theseus departing from Crete with Ariadne Phædra, he arriv'd at the Isle Naxos, where Bacchus admonish'd him to leave Ariadne, and he accordingly left her when she was asleep : As soon as she awaked, she writ this Letter, complaining of Theseus's cruelty and ingratitude, and in a pitiful manner treats him to come again, and take her into his ship.

ARIADNE to THESEUS.

I Have found all kinds of Beasts much more mild
And gentle than thy self, who hast beguill'd
My trust : for it had been more safe for me,
To have believ'd a salvage beast, than thee.
This Letter, *Theseus*, from thence doth come,
Where thou didst leave me, and away didst run,
When I was fast asleep, then thou didst leave me,
Watching that opportunity to deceive me :
It was at that time when the Heavens strew
Upon the earth their sweet and pearly dew ;
And the first waking birds did now begin,
In the cool boughs to tune their notes and sing :
I being half asleep and half awake.
Yet so much knowledge had, that for thy sake,
With my hand I felt about thy warm place,
Thinking indeed my *Theseus* to embrace :

I felt about the bed, but he was gone,
I felt about again, but there was none.
Then with my wretched hand I struck my breast ;
And tore my loosen'd hair, that was undrest,

The Moon shin'd bright, so that I looked o're
 the Sea-ward, but saw nothing but the shore ;
 here, and there confusedly I ran.
 The heavy sand did my swift feet detain :
 At last I called *Theseus* on the shore ;
 The hollow Rocks thy name did back restore ;
 The eccho call'd as many times as I,
 He seem'd to help me in my misery.
 There was a mountain top with some few bushes,
 Under those rocky sides the Sea still rushes ;
 Here I clamber'd up, Love gave me strength,
 Whence I could see far unto sea at length :
 From hence (for I the Winds did cruel find)
 I discern'd a ship that sail'd with the North wind ;
 I saw it, or I thought I did behold
 Which did make my heart half dead, and cold ;
 My sorrow would not suffer me to lie
 Long in this Trance, but coming out of't I
 Cry'd out, O *Theseus* ! whither dost thou run ?
 Return, O *Theseus*, and to me back come.
 Turn back thy ship again for to take me,
 Thou want'st one yet of thy company.
 Thus did I cry, and strike my breast betwixt,
 While blows and words were both together mixt.
 Though thou could'st nor hear me, yet I did stand
 Spreading my arms abroad upon the Land
 That thou might'st see me, and a white flag hung
 To make thee see me, who from me didst run.
 Thy ship at last did sail quite out of sight,
 And then the tears ran down my cheeks outright.
 How could my sad eyes but chuse to weep,
 After thy sails out of my sight did slip ?
 Broad I wander'd with loose flowing hair,
 Like women that by *Bacchus* enraged are.
 Sometimes I looking unto Sea would sit
 On a stone, as void as the stone of wit ;

Then

Then to the bed I walkt where we had lain;
Which never should receive us more again;
And it a pleasure unto me did seem,
To touch the warm place where thy limbs had been;
And in the very place I down would lie,
With weeping tears, and thus begin to cry:
Sweet-bed, we both have lain on thee together,
And two lay down, two should have risen together.
But I on this forsaken Isle am left,
Of Men and all humanity bereft.
The Sea encompasseth this Island round,
No ship or Pylot from this Isle is bound.
Suppose I could a Ship and Wind command,
I dare not sail back to my Fathers land.
Though my Ship through the smooth Sea did glide on,
And winds stood fair, I am banisht from home,
And from Crete, that a hundred Cities had,
Where Jove was nursed when he was a lad.
I betray'd my Father by that Plot I fram'd,
And Country where he long uprightly reign'd
And lest thou in the labyrinth hadst dy'd,
Gave thee a Clew of thread thy steps to guide.
By those past dangers thou didst swear to me,
That thou while I did live, would'st constant be.
I live, and find thee false, if 't may be said
She lives, that by a false man is betray'd.
Would thy Club had kill'd me, as't did my Brother,
Then in my death thou all my wrongs might'st smother.
Now I conceive what I must suffer here,
And what I may endure, doth urge my fear.
A thousand shapes of death methinks I see,
The fear of death is worse than death can be.
Now lest some Wolf should come, I am in fear,
Who with his greedy teeth my limbs should tear:
Perhaps this land doth yellow Lions breed,
And cruel Tigers from this Isle proceed.

haps great Sea-calves on the shore abide,
Else the Sword may pierce my tender side.
Like a Captive I may be enchain'd
Unto servile labour be constrain'd;
Whose Father *Minos* was, and whose Mother
Was *Phæbus* daughter, which I need not smother.
And that which rather should remember'd be,
That I was once betrothed unto thee.
I look to the Shore, the Land or Sea,
The Sea and Land do seem to threaten me.
To Heaven, to the Gods I dare not pray,
For I am left to the wild Beasts a prey.
The Men that here inhabit I distrust.
Being deceiv'd by thee my fears are just.
With now that *Androgeus* did live,
Whose death occasion of that tax did give,
With, O *Theseus*, thy club had not slain
The Monster half a Beast, and half a Man.
Would I had not given thee a Clew of thread,
By which thy steps in coming back were led.
Wonder not thou got'st the victory,
That this *Cretian* Beast was slain by thee.
Thou hadst an iron breast, which war so arm'd,
That thou couldst not by his horns be harm'd.
For an obdurate Adamant was in't,
And *Theseus* was all o'er as hard as flint.
O cruel sleep! why did I slumbering lye?
Would I had slept unto eternity.
O cruel winds! why did ye stand so fair,
If ye did desire to breed my care?
O cruel hand of thine! which hath slain me,
And my poor Brother by infidelity.
O sleep, the wind and thou, did all conspire;
And to betray a Maid did all desire.
Now at my death my Mother shall not weep,
For close my eyes up in eternal sleep.

My hapless ghost shall wander in the air;
 To embalm my body no friend shall care;
 Sea-Vultures shall upon my carcass light,
 For I shall have at all no funeral Rite.

But unto *Athens* when thou art come home.
 Then thou sitting upon thy Royal Throne
 Shalt tell how thou the *Minotaure* did slay,
 Out of the Labyrinth finding the right way;
 And tell amongst thy acts, how thou hadst left
 Me on this Island, of all help bereft.

Aegæa, nor yet *Æthra* cannot be

Thy Parents, Rocks were Parents unto thee.
 If from thy ships decks thou hadst spied me.
 My sad looks unto pity had mov'd thee.
 Think now thou seest me standing on a Rock,
 Whose chalky sides the beating waves do mock.
 See how my hair is o'er my shoulders spread,
 My garments wet with tears, that I have shed,
 And how my body trembling to and fro,
 Like shaking corn, which the North-wind doth blow;
 Or like some miss-shap'd Letter I do stand,
 That hath been written by a trembling hand.

To urge my merit I dare not presume,

"No thanks are due to service that is done.

Yet there's no reason thou shouldst punish me
 With death, because from death I saved thee.

To thee my hands I heave up and do spread,
 Which with beating my breast are wearied.

I intreat thee by my hair, which I do spread,
 And by my tears for unkindness shed,

Turn back thy ship, O *Theseus*, for my sake;
 Though I am dead, my carcass with thee take.



The Argument of the eleventh Epistle.

Acareus and Canace, the son and daughter of Æolus King of the Winds, did love one another, and thinking to colour over incestuous fault with natural affection, Canace brought forth a child, and sending it out of the Court to be nursed abroad, the unhappy infant was found, and so discovered it self to his Grandfather, who incensed at his Childrens wickedness, commanded the innocent infant to be cast forth unto Dogs, and by one of his guard sent a sword to Canace, as a silent remembrance of her desire, wherewith she killed her

her self. Yet before her death, she declares by this Epistle to Macareus, who was fled into the Temple of Apollo, her own misfortune, entreating him to gather up the child's bones, and lay them with her in the same Urn or funeral Pitcher.

CANACE to MACAREUS.

IF blotted Letters may be understood,
 Receive this Letter blotted with my Blood.
 My right hand holds a Pen, my left a Sword,
 My Paper lies before me on the board.
 Thus *Canace* doth to her Brother write,
 This posture yields my Father much delight :
 Who I do wish would a spectator be,
 As he is Author of my Tragedy.
 Who fiercer than winds blowing from the East,
 With dry cheeks would behold my wounded breast ;
 For since to rule the winds he hath commission,
 He's of his Subjects cruel disposition.
 Over the Northern and South winds he reigns ;
 The winds of th' East and West winds he constrains.
 And yet although the winds he doth command,
 His sudden anger he cannot withstand.
 The Kingdom of the winds he can restrain,
 " But over his own vices cannot reign.
 For what although my Ancestors have been
 Unto the Gods and *Jupiter* a kin ?
 Now in my fearful hand I hold a Sword,
 That fatal gift, which must my death afford.
 O *Macareus*, would that I had dy'd,
 Before we were in close embraces ty'd,
 More than a Sister ought I did affect thee,
 More than a Brother ought thou didst respect me.
 For I did feel, how *Cupid* with his dart
 (Of whom I oft had heard) did wound my heart.

colour straightway did wax green and pale.
 Stomach to my meat began to fall.
 Could not sleep, that night did seem a year,
 Often sigh'd, when no body did hear.
 Why I sigh'd, I no cause could show;
 Lov'd, and yet what love was did not know.
 Old Nurse found out how my pulse did move,
 And she first told me that I was in Love:
 When I blush'd with a down cast look,
 Which silent signs she for confession took.
 Know the burthen of my swelling womb
 How heavy, being to full ripeness come.
 That herbs and medicines did not she, and I
 To enforce Abortive delivery,
 Real from thee? Yet art could not prevail,
 Quickned child grew strong, our Art did fail.
 Now nine Moons were fully gon and past.
 Tenth in her bright Chariot made great hast,
 Saw not whence my sudden gripes did grow:
 What pains belong'd to child-birth did know:
 Cry'd out, but my nurse my words did stay,
 And stop my mouth, as I there crying lay.
 What shall I do? Gripes force me to complain:
 My Nurse, and fear of crying out restrain.
 That I did suppress my groans and cries,
 And drank the tears that flow'd down from mine eyes
 While thus *Lucina* did deny her aid,
 Thinking my fault in death should be betray'd,
 Thou by my side most lovingly didst lie,
 Drawing thy hair to see my misery;
 With kind words thy Sister thou didst cherish,
 Thinking that two might not at one time perish.
 Thou didst put me still in hope of life,
 And dear sister thou shalt be my Wife.
 Thy words reviv'd me, when I was half dead,
 That I presently was brought to bed.

Thou didst rejoyce, but fear did me affright,
 To hide it from my Father *Aeolus's* sight.
 The careful Nurse the new born Child did hide
 In Olive boughs, with swadling vine-leaves ty'd:
 And so a solemn sacrifice did gain;
 The People and my Father believed the same.
 Being near the gate, the Child that straight did cry,
 To his Grandfather was betray'd thereby;
Aeolus tearing forth the Child, describes
 Their cunning and pretended sacrifice.
 As the Sea trembles when light winds do blow,
 Or as an Aspen-leaf shakes to and fro,
 Even so my pale and trembling limbs did make
 The Bed whereon I lay begin to shake.
 He comes to me, my fault he doth proclaim,
 And he could scarce from striking me contain.
 I could do nothing else but blush and weep,
 My tongue tyed up with fear did silent keep.
 He commanded my Son should be straightway
 Cast forth, and made to Beasts and Birds a prey.
 And then he cry'd, so that you would have thought,
 His crying had his Grandfather besought
 To pity him: what grief it was to me,
 Dear Brother, you may guess, when I did see,
 When I saw my Child carried to the wood,
 To feed the Mountain Wolves, that live by blood.
 When thus my Child unto the Woods was sent,
 My Father out of my Bed-chamber went.
 Then did I beat my tender breast at last,
 And tore my cheeks, his Sentence being past.
 When straightway one of my Fathers Guard came in
 And with a sad look did this message bring;
Aeolus sends this sword and doth desire
 Thee use it, as thy merit doth require.
 His will (quoth I) be done, I'll use his Sword,
 My Fathers gift shall my sad death afford.

Father, shall this sword the portion be
And dowry which you mean to give to me ;
O Hymen put out thy deceived light ;
And nimble now betake thy self to fight :
The furies bring your smoaky Torches all,
To light the wood at my sad Funeral.
O Sister may you far more happ'ly marry :
Than I, that by my own fault did miscarry.
For what could be my new born Babes offence
Which might his Grandfather so much incense ?
Of death alas he could not worthy be :
For my offence, he's punish'd for me.
O Son ! thou breed'st thy Mother much annoy,
No sooner bred, but beasts do thee destroy.
O Son, the pledge of my unhappy love,
The day thy day of Birth and death doth prove.
I had not time to embalm thee with my tears,
Nor in thy Funeral fire to throw my Hairs ;
To give thee one cold kiss I had no power,
For the wild greedy beasts did thee devour.
O I, sweet Child, will straightway die with thee,
I will not long a childless Parent be.
Had thou O Brother, since it is in vain.
For me to hope to see thee once again ?
Father the small remainder, which the wild
And savage beasts have left of thy young Child,
Had with his Mothers bones, let them have room,
Within one Urn, or in one narrow Tomb.
Weep at my Funeral ; who can reprove thee
For shewing love to her that once did love thee ?
And here at last I do intreat thee still,
To perform thy unhappy Sisters will ;
For I will kill my self without delay,
And so my Fathers hard command obey.



The Argument of the twelfth Epistle.

JASON being a lusty comely young man, as soon as he arriv'd at Colchos Medea the Daughter of Aëta King of Colchos, and Hecabe his mother, loved and entertained him; and upon promise of marriage, instructed him how he should obtain the booty he desired. Having got the Golden Fleece, he fled away with Medea. Her father Aëta pursued after them she tears in pieces her brother Absyrtus's limbs, whom she had taken with her, thereby to stay her father while he gathered his Sons bones. And so at length safely arriving in Theffaly, Jason

renewed his Father *Æson's* age, by *Medea's* help, who also made *Æliás* Daughters kill their Father. For pretending that she would make him young, as she had done *Æson*, she perswaded his Daughters, with a knife to let out all his Black blood, that she might infuse new fresh blood instead thereof. His daughters having done so *Æliás* straightway dyed; *Jason* hereupon, or for some other cause, repudiates *Medea*, and marries *Creusa* the daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*; *Medea* herewith enraged writes to *Jason*, expostulating with him of ingratitude, and threatens speedy revenge, unless he revive her again.

MEDEA to JASON.

AT that time *Queen of Corinth* I did reign,
 When thou didst seek by my art help to gain.
 With my thread of life which then was spun
 To three sisters, had been cut and done,
 Then might *Medea* have dy'd innocent;
 My life since then hath been a punishment,
 Woe's me that e'er the lusty Youth of *Greece*
 Wold hither, for to fetch the Golden Fleece.
 Would *Colchos* never had their *Argos* seen,
 Would the *Grecians* ne'er on our shore had been;
 Why was I with thy lovely brown hair took?
 Or with thy tempting tongue and comely look?
 Or at least when thy ship came to our shore,
 Bringing thy self, with gallants many more,
 Might have let thee run and found a death
 By those fiery Oxen with their flaming breath.
 Might have suffer'd thee to sow that seed,
 Whence armed men did spring up and proceed,
 That the sower might by his own tillage die,
 When each ear of corn did prove an enemy.
 They had prevented then thy treachery,
 And kept me both from grief and misery.

To upbraid thy Ingratitude pleases me,
 In this alone I can triumph o'er thee.
 For when thy ship arrived at the shore
 Of *Colchos*, where it ne'er had been before;
 O then *Medea* was beloved there
 Of thee, as thy new wife's beloved here
 My father was as rich as hers, he reign'd
 O'er *Corinth*, which'twixt two Seas is contain'd.
 My father possess'd all the Land which lay
 Between *Pontus* and snowy *Scythia*.
 My father did thy *Grecians* entertain,
 Affording lodging to thee and thy train;
 I saw thee then, then did of thee enquire,
 And then thy love did set my heart on fire;
 I saw thee and that sight to love did turn,
 Whi'e my heart did like a great Taper burn.
 Thy beauty drew me to my destin'd fate,
 And thy fair eyes my eyes did captivate,
 Which thou perceiv'dst, for who can love conceal?
 Whose glowing flame doth its own self reveal;
 My father then commanded thee to yoke
 Those Oxen that were to the plough ne'er broke;
 For they were *Mars* his Oxen, whose horns were
 Sharp; and their breath did like a flame appear.
 They had brass hoofs, and nostrils arm'd with brass.
 Blackt with the breath that through them did pass.
 And thou wert bid to sow in the large field,
 That seed which did an armed people yield.
 Which sprung up, would assail thee straight again;
 Thou for thy harvest such a crop shouldst gain;
 And thy last labour was to charm asleep
 The Dragon, that the Golden Fleece did keep.
 Whe i *Æetes* said thus, you all strait rose,
 And every one much discontentment shows.
 So that you did your purple seats forsake,
 And then the Table they away did take.

Great *Creon's* Daughter thou did'st now contemn,
 And *Crusas* Dowry could not help thee then.
 Sadly thou didst depart, and discontent,
 Yet my weeping eyes on thee still were bent,
 And as thou went'st away this one word fell
 In a soft murmur from thy tongue; Farewel.
 And when I went to bed, I never slept,
 Wounded with Love, all night I griev'd and wept.
 The fierce Bulls were always before my eyes,
 And the Armed men which from the earth did rise;
 And then the watchful Dragon did affright
 My senses, and was still before my sight.
 Thus Love and Fear, my breast at once did trouble,
 My love of thee did make my fear to double,
 Till it chanced that early in the morning,
 My loving Sister came and found me mourning,
 And lying on my face, with all my hair
 Loose spread, the pillow wet with many a tear,
 And two Sisters more did me invade,
 With their entreaties, for to help and aid
 Men and his *Thessalians*, who did want
 My assistance; my love their suit did grant.
 There is a wood so dark with thick-leav'd trees,
 That the bright Sun but seldom through it sees:
 There doth a Chapel of *Diana's* stand,
 Whose Golden statue there was rudely fram'd.
 I know not whether this place is by thee
 Forgotten, as thou hast forgotten me.
 We being thither come, thou then didst break
 Thy mind to me, and thus began'st to speak.
 My life and fortunes are at thy command,
 My life and death are both within thy hand.
 You may let me perish if so be you will,
 'Tis more noble to preserve than kill.
 Then by my present sorrows I entreat,
 Which you can ease, if you the word would speak.

By thy kindred, and unkle *Phæbus* who
Sees all things that on earth we mortals do;
By *Diana's* tripple-face, and sacred rites,
And Gods wherein this Nation delights.
O Virgin have some pity at this time
On me, and make me so for ever thine,
And though I cannot hope the Gods should be
So kind and favourable unto me;
Yet if you would be pleased now to take
A *Theſſalian*, and him a Husband make,
Then I do promise I will faithful be,
And vow that I will marry none but thee.
Let *Juno* be a witness to my vow,
And *Diana* in whose Temple we are now.
Thou took'st me by the hand, whose words of thine
A Maidens fancy did straightway incline.
For such thy language was, as soon did move,
My honest heart to entertain my love.
By thy deceitful tears I was betray'd,
For they had power to betray a Maid.
So that the Bulls, whose breath like flames did smoak,
I taught thee how to tame, and how to yoke,
And thou didst sow the Dragons teeth for seed
Whence arm'd Men did spring up and proceed.
I, that did give thee those securing charms,
Grew pale to see those new sprung Men in arms.
When straight those earth-bred brethren there in fight,
Did slay each other in a bloody fight.
The watchful Dragon now the Earth did sweep,
While he upon his scaly breast did creep.
Where was the Dowry of thy Royal Wife?
Or King of *Corinth*? could they save thy life?
No it was I, that now am thus rejected,
And as a poor Enchantress disrespected.
I charm'd the Dragons flaming eyes asleep,
That thou might'st get the Fleece which he did keep.

My Father I betray'd, and I forsook
My Country, and with thee a Voyage took.
Though my life a sad banishment should be,
I was content to wander still with thee.
Thou of my Maiden-head didst me deceive,
Thou my Mother and my Sister both did leave.
I left not my Brother; at that name,
He thinks my Pen stands still for very shame;
I fear to write that, which I did not fear
To do, 'twas I that did in pieces tear
My scattered Limbs, and when I had done so,
Guilty of thy blood, unto Sea did go.
And would the Gods have drown'd us in the Sea,
Thou for deceit, I for crudelity.
I would our Ship, as it a long had past,
Our joyned bodies on some rock had dash't.
If breaking *Scylla* had devoured us then,
Scylla should punish such ungrateful Men.
If with *Charibdis* had then pleas'd been,
With his round whirling waves to have suckt us in,
That thou in safety art to *Thessaly* come,
Offering the Golden Fleece which thou hast won,
Unto the Gods. What should I mention
My Sisters Daughters, whose intention
I wrong'd, and made their Virgin hands to kill
Their aged Father, and his blood to spill?
Though others blame me, thou must praise me needs,
Since from my love of thee my guilt proceeds.
That thou hast cast me off now ne'ertheless,
I want words, that may my grief express!
When thou didst bid me go, I did obey
My cruel doom, and forthwith went away
With my two Children, forthwith went I
And love, which always bears me company.
When I did of thy late Marriage hear,
Where *Hymens* Torches burn'd bright and clear;

And

And that new Musick, with new Marriage songs
Proclaims your Wedding, and thy unkind wrongs;
I fear'd, and yet could not the news believe,
Yet a sad coldness to my breast did cleave.
But when I heard them unto *Hymen* cry,
The more they cry'd, more was my misery.
My Servants wept, and yet they hid their tears,
To bring this sad news to me each one fears.
And I do wish I had not known it still,
But yet my mind did prophesie some ill.
When my young Son, desirous for to see
Some Novelty, as Children use to be,
Standing at the door, did begin to cry,
Come Mother see my Father passing by;
My Father *Jason*, who in pomp doth ride
In's Chariot, with his new Married Bride;
Then I did beat my Breast, my Cloths I rent,
To tear my Cheeks my Fingers then were bent,
My mind did urge me to revenge my wrong,
And thrust my self among the Bridal throng.
And having snatch the Garland from thy head,
My arms about thy middle to have spread,
And took possession of thee at that time,
And to the people cry'd aloud, He's mine.
Father rejoyce, *Colchians* now be glad,
My brother's ghost hath these infernals had,
For now I am forsaken, left, and cross,
My Country, House, and Kingdom I have lost:
Nay I have lost my Husband too, and he
Was a Kingdom of contentment unto me.
I that both Dragons and wild Bulls could tame,
Yet by one man am conquered again.
I that could quench hot fire with learned charms,
Can't quench the fire of Love which my breast warms:
My Charms and Art, and Potlons do deceive me,
And *Hecates* witchcraft cannot now relieve me.

thinks that I do hate the days for light,
 and sorrow makes me lie awake all night,
 and seldom is my miserable breast
 With any quiet gentle sleep refresh'd.
 made the Dragon fast asleep to fall,
 but Art hath on my self no power at all.
 Whome embraces him whom I preserv'd;
 he reaps the fruit of that, which I deserv'd.
 and perhaps, whilst thou striv'st to please the ear
 of thy Bride, who thy boasting tales doth hear
 With admiration, thou dost then disgrace
 either my behaviour, or homely face.
 While out of foolish pride she laughs at me,
 and doth rejoyce at my deformity.
 her laugh and lie down upon her quilt,
 she shall weep, when she hath my anger felt,
 shea will by Sword, or poison be
 avenged on her hated Enemy.
 If unto my prayers thou wouldst attend,
 to entreaties I would now descend.
 I will a suppliant become to thee,
 when at thy feet, as thou hast been to me.
 thou wilt not pity me, for my own sake,
 but on my Children some compassion take.
 Their Step-mother will most unkindly use them,
 they and perhaps most cruelly abuse them.
 for they too much alas resemble thee,
 in them thy living Picture I can see.
 and since they are of thee a living Type,
 when I behold them, I am weeping ripe.
 I beseech thee by the Gods and the Sun
 my Uncle, and by that which I have done
 for thy sake, and by my two Children dear,
 which the pledges of our true affection were;
 return to my Bed, who left all for thee,
 as constant as thou didst promise to me.

ns:

Methu

Against

Against fierce Bulls thy aid I do not seek,
 Or to charm the watchful Dragon fast asleep.
 Thee I desire, whom I deserved have
 By Children had by thee, thee I do crave.
 If thou desir'st a Dowry, I did yield
 A Dowry, that was told out in the field,
 Which I did make thee plough, while thou didst stay
 Only to bear the Golden Fleece away.
 My Dowry was the Golden Ram, which had
 The Golden Fleece, and was so richly clad.
 This was my Dowry, and should I ask thee
 To restore it back, thou wouldst deny it me.
 My Dowry was the preserving thy self,
 Can Creon's Daughter bring thee so much wealth?
 That thou dost live and hast another Bride,
 It was my gift, else thou hadst surely dy'd:
 And it was I, that gave the life to be
 Thus thankless, and ungrateful unto me.
 I will revenge; yet what doth it pertain
 Unto revenge, If I my wrath proclaim?
 And tell what punishments on you shall light?
 "The closest anger doth most deadly strike.
 I'll follow as my rage doth lead me on,
 Though I repent the act when it is done.
 For I repent that I should e'er preserve
 A Man that doth so ill of me deserve
 The winged God hath seen from the blew sky
 My wrongs my sorrows and my injury;
 And with a rage he hath inspir'd my heart
 To plot, and act e'er long some Tragick part.



The Argument of the thirteenth Epistle.

Protesilaus the son of Iphiclus sailing, as Homer reports, with forty ships to Troy, was shut up with the rest of the Grecians, in a Haven of Boeotia, which when his wife Laodamia, the sister of Acastus and Laodamea understood, she dearly loving him, and being troubled much with dreams, writ this Epistle to him; and admonish him to remember the Oracle, and abstain from

from the Wars. For the Oracle had given this answer to the Greeks, that he should perish, that first went a shore, and set foot on the Trojan ground: But courageous Protesilaus was the first that landed and was slain by Hector.

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS.

L *Laodamia* doth to thee send health,
 Wishing that she might come to thee her self.
 I hear that thou in *Aulis* art wind-bound,
 Would I had of the wind such favour found,
 To resist thy going hence, and hinder it,
 Then for the Sea to grow rough it was fit.
 Then had I kissed thee oftner, and at large
 Had spoken more and given thee thy charge.
 But when the wind stood fair, thou couldst not stay,
 For it did drive thy swelling sails away.
 Thy Mariners had what they did require,
 It was not I, that did this wind desire.
 The wind that for the Mariners stood fair,
 Stood cross for thee and I that lovers were;
 And me from *Protesilaus* did divide,
 While we were both in sweet embraces ty'd.
 My broken words short of my meaning fell,
 I scarce had time to speak this word, farewell.
 For the North-wind thy hollow sails did stretch;
 And from me did *Protesilaus* fetch.
 I lookt as long as I thy Ship could see,
 And I did send a long look after thee.
 When thou wert out of sight, yet I could see
 Thy Ship, and to behold it pleas'd me:
 But when both* thou, and thy swift sailing ship,
 Out of my sight did both together slip,
 A sudden darkness in my eyes I found,
 And presently I fell down in a swoond;

that my Mother and old *Acastus* too,
 though much diligence they both did show,
 could fetch me back to life, although at last,
 cold water they into my Face did cast.
 Here needles love was thus express'd, but I
 am sorry that they did not let me die:
 when my senses did return again,
 my love returned too with a new flame;
 and chaste affection could not spare my Breast:
 Those who do love, must never hope to rest.
 Now I took no delight to dress my hair,
 nor to wear rich apparel took I care,
 and as those women *Bacchus* hath inspir'd
 with a touch of his Vvny-staff, and fir'd
 their bosoms that they run, now here, now there;
 so did I in my furious rage appear.
 The talking wives of *Phylact* did come,
 to comfort me, and thus their speech begun.
Alania courage take, put on
 thy Royal Robes as may your Birth become.
 O! shall I in purple robes delight,
 while that my Husband at *Troy's* wall doth fight?
 Shall I my hair in curious manner dress,
 while a weighty Helmet doth his hair press?
 Shall I in new apparel gay appear,
 while my Lord doth a Coat of Armour wear?
 While thou art at the wars, like one forlorn
 careless habit I at home will mourn:
 Paris, thou that wast born to destroy
 with thy fresh beauty the old City *Troy*,
 thou wert a wanton guest, may'st thou be
 toward, and a milk-sop enemy.
 Could *Hilena* had not unto thee seem'd
 fair, nor she thy beauty so esteem'd,
Menelaus, thou with earnest strife
 hadst labour to regain again thy wife.

Woe's me I fear thy sad revenge will make
 Many eyes weep, and many hearts to ake,
 The Gods from all ill fortune us defend,
 That my returning Husband may commend
 His arms to *Jupiter* : but when I muse,
 Or think upon the Wars, I cannot chuse
 But weep, and down my cheeks the tears do run,
 Like Snow when it is melted by the Sun.
 When of *Ilium* or *Tenedos* I hear,
 Those names do put me in a sudden fear.
 When of *Simois* and *Xanthus* I have heard,
 Or *Ida*, these strange names make me afeard.
 Nor had *Paris* stole *Helen*, if at length
 He meant to resign her, he knew his strength.
 For she did come in Royal Robes of Gold,
 Adorn'd with Jewels, glorious to behold.
 And with a warlike Fleet to *Troy* she came,
 The *Trojans* shew'd their great strength by her train,
 And as *Helen* was fetch'd by this fleet,
 So I fear it should with the *Grecians* meet.
 There is one *Hector* of whom I do hear,
 A valiant man, and him I greatly fear.
 For *Paris* said that *Hector* should affright
 The *Grecians*, and begin the bloody fight.
 If I be she whom thou dost love most dear,
 Take heed of *Hector*, him I only fear,
 His name doth fill my thoughts with much unrest,
 And is engrav'd upon my troubled breast.
 And as thou shunest him so also shun
 Others, for many *Hectors* thither come.
 And as oft as thou dost prepare to fight,
 Say to thy self these words which I do write :
Landamia charg'd me care to take,
 And keep my self from danger for her sake.
 If the *Grecians* raze *Troy* on the Ground,
 May'st thou come from the siege with ne'er a wound.

Let *Menelaus* with the *Trojans* fight,
 And take from *Paris-Helena*, his right;
 And when he chargeth on the enemy,
 Let his good cause give him the victory.
 It behoves *Menelaus* with stout blows
 To fetch his wife from the insulting foes;
 But thy case unto his is far unlike,
 And therefore I do wish thee so to fight,
 That when the wars are done thou may'st return;
 And in my loving bosom lie full warm.
 You *Trojans* I entreat you to spare one
 Of all those Enemies against you come;
 For every drop of Blood that doth proceed
 From his veins, from my veins doth also bleed.
Protesilaus no strong blows can strike
 With his drawn Sword, nor stand the push of Pike;
 Let *Menelaus* fight whom rage doth move,
 Let others fight, let *Protesilaus* love.
 For I must needs confess I had a mind
 To have called him back, but no strength could find;
 For my tongue stop'd, before the words were spoken;
 And my speech broke off, which was but a bad token,
 And at the threshold of my Fathers gate
 Thy foot did stumble, and did trip thereat,
 Which hath been always counted for a sign,
 Whereby we may of some ill luck divine.
 Which when I did behold I was afraid,
 And thus unto my self in secret said:
 I hope the stumbling of his foot shall be
 A sign, my Husband shall return to me.
 These things unto thee I do now relate,
 That I thy courage may thereby abate.
 And I do wish, that I at last may find
 The fears are vain, which now molest my mind.
 Besides the Oracles say, he who shall
 Land first upon the *Trojan* ground, shall fall

Ovid's Epistles.

First by the sword, unhappy sure is she
That by the wars shall the first widow be.
Heaven defend thee, that thou may'st not shew
Thy valour, lest thy valour I do rue.
Let thy ship be the last to shore doth stand,
Let thy ship be the last doth come to Land.
Of all that goes, on shore be thou the last,
Unto thy father's Land do thou not hast.
But when thou comest back, then do not fail
To use thy Oars, and clap on all thy sail.
Then make thou hast to come out of thy ship,
And on the welcome shore most nimbly skip.
When *Phœbus* lyeth hid, or shines most bright,
I think upon thee both by day and night.
Yet more of thee by night, than day, for night
Is the sweet time, that yieldeth Maids delight.
For then they lie within their sweet-hearts arm,
Who with their close imbraces keep them warm;
While in my widows bed I lie at leisure,
Wanting true joy, I think on former pleasure.
And then a dream doth yield me some delight,
Sometimes again my dreams do me affright.
Methinks I see thee with a visage pale,
Telling to me a sad and mournful tale;
Then waking out of my black dream, I rise,
And for thy safety offer sacrifice
With Frankincense, which I with tears bedew,
So that in burning it doth brighter shew.
As when we pour oyl on a dying flame,
It doth begin to rise and blaze again.
O when will that most happy season come,
That I shall embrace thee at coming home;
With such a sweet excess of joy, till I
Languish with pleasure, and embracing die?
When wilt thou tell me, when we are in bed,
How many thou in wars hast conquered;

And

And in the midst of thy sweet story leave;
 To kiss me, and a kiss from me receive;
 While that a kiss is the full point to stay
 Thy speech, refreshed by this sweet delay.
 But when I think of *Troy*, the seas and wind,
 Then fear doth drive all hope out of my mind.
 And I do fear, because thy ships are stay'd
 By winds, as if to stay thee they assay'd.
 Who will sail with cross wind to his own Land?
 Thou from thy Country sail'st when winds withstand.
Neptune will not permit you far to come
 Unto his City, and therefore come home.
 Spare going (*Grecians*) the winds do forbid,
 And some divine power in the wind is hid.
 By these wars you seek only to regain
 An adulteress, O turn your ships again.
 But why should I recal thee back thus now,
 Let calm winds smooth again the Seas rough brow:
 I envy now the *Trojan* Dames, who shall
 With grief behold their husbands funeral.
 On her husbands head the new married Bride
 Shall put a Helmet, and when she hath ty'd
 His armor close unto him, and doth make
 Him ready, she a kiss from him shall take.
 Such dutiful imployment is a bliss,
 Her service is rewarded with a kiss.
 And being arm'd compleatly, then at large
 She may give to him a most loving charge:
 Charging him as he tendereth her love,
 To return and offer his arms to *Jove*.
 And he obeying her command will be
 Careful to fight abroad more warily.
 And when he cometh home, she will unlace
 His Helmet, and him in her arms embrace:
 To me in absence, fear doth sorrow bring,
 And I conceive the worst of every thing.

Yet while that thou unto the wars art gone,
I have a Picture made in wax at home,
And fondly unto it I often talk,
And do embrace it, as by it I walk.
Thy shape in it so lively doth appear,
Could it speak, it *Protiſlaus* were.
On it I look and often it behold,
And for thy sake do in my arms enfold;
And to thy Picture often I complain,
As if thy Picture could reply again.
By thee in whom my Soul alone delights,
By our true love and equal marriage rites;
And by thy life which I do wish you may
Bring back, although thy hair be turned gray;
I vow if thou pleaseſt to ſend to me,
I will obey and ſtraightway come to thee,
For whether thou doſt chance to live or die,
In Life or Death I'll bear the company.
Of my Letter this ſhall the concluſion be,
Take care of thy ſelf if thou car'ſt for me.

D
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akes
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hargi



The Argument of the fourteenth Epistle.

Danaus the Son of Belus, had by several Wives fifty Daughters; unto whom his Brother Ægyptus desired to marry his fifty Daughters; but Danaus having been informed by the Oracle, that he should dye by the hands of a Son-in-law, to avoid that danger he fled with his ship, and sails to Argos; Ægyptus being angry because he had despised his offer, sent his Sons with an Army to besiege him, obliging them not to return until they had slain Danaus, or married

ried his Daughters. He enforced by siege yieldeth up his Daughters who with the Sword which their Father had given them, according to his command, at night, when the young men warm'd with wine and jollity were fallen fast asleep, every one killed her husband except Hypermnestra only, who out of Compassion spared and preserved her husband Linus, whom Eusebius call'd Linceus: advising him to return to his father Ægyptus and discover the conspiracy. But her Father Danaus perceiving that all his Daughters had executed his will with bloody obedience, excepting Hypermnestra, commanded her to be kept in Prison. Whereupon in this Epistle she treats her Uncle and Husband Linus, whom she had preserved, rather to help her, and free her from her Captivity, or if she died to have her honourably buried. But at last Linus killed Danaus, and set her at liberty.

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS.

HYPERMNESTRA sends to thee who dost remain
Of many brothers by their own Wives slain.
I for thy sake am in close Prison pent,
And for saving thee do indure punishment.
I am guilty because I did spare thy blood,
“A prosperous wickedness is counted good.
Yet I repent not, since that I had rather
Keep my Father from blood, than please my Father,
Though my Father in that sacred fire may
Burn me, which we toucht on our wedding day;
Or with those Torches he may burn my face,
Which on our wedding day did brightly blaze.
Or although he do kill me with that sword,
Because to kill thee I could not afford.
He shall not make me say that I repent
Of a good work, it is not my intent:
I am griev'd for my sisters cruel fact,
“For sad repentance follows a bad act.
The sad remembrance of that bloody night,
Makes my heart and hand tremble while I write.

Husband could not by my hand have dy'd,
 which shakes, while I this murder would describe.
 I will try; it was about twilight,
 which endeth day, and doth begin the night,
 when as we fifty Sisters were brought all
 with Royal state into the Castle hall.
 Whereas *Ægyptus*, without dread or fear,
 received us for Daughters, who arrived were.
 The flaming Tapers shin'd like stars in Heaven,
 And sweet incense unto the fire was given.
 The common people did on *Hymen* cry,
 From this fatal marriage he did fly;
 And *Juno* did from her own City run,
 In *Argos*, that she might this wedding shun,
 The young mens drunken heads were bound
 With flowers, and with Garlands crown'd.
 The Bridemen with great joy dreading no danger,
 Brought them to their fatal Bridal chamber,
 And laid their heavy bodies on the bed,
 Which they were like funeral Hearses spread.
 They being now with wine and sleep oppress'd;
 And all the City quiet and at rest,
 The thoughts the groans of dying men I heard,
 So it was, whereat I grew afraid
 That my warm blood and my colour fled,
 And left my Body cold upon the bed.
 Soft and gentle western winds do make
 The Corn to move and *Aspen* leaves to shake:
 I trembled, while thou laid'st at that time
 And danc'd with drinking sleep-procuring wine.
 Looking to obey my Father's sad command
 Up, and took the sword in my hand;
 The truth I speak, three times I rais'd the sword
 To strike, and yet to strike my hand abhorr'd.
 My Father's command did my courage whet,
 That his Sword unto thy throat I set,

But

But fear and love would not let me proceed,
 My chaste hand would not act that tragick deed :
 Then off my hair I tore the flaxen wealth,
 And softly thus did reason with my self :
Hypermetra, thou hast a cruel Father,
 Therefore obey his commands the rather,
 Take courage, and obey thy Fathers will,
 And boldly with the rest thy Husband kill.
 Yet since I am a young maid, my hands be
 Unfit to act a bloody Tragedy.
 Yet imitate thy Sisters now again,
 Who have by this time all their Husbands slain :
 Yet if this hand a murder could commit,
 To stain it with my own blood it were fit.
 Do they deserve death, because they possess
 Our Father's Kingdom ; which yet ne'ertheless
 Some strangers might from him away have carried,
 As Dowries given them when we were married ?
 Though they deserve death, what shall we do less,
 If we commit this deed of wickedness ?
 Maids do not love a sword, or killing tool,
 My fingers fitter are to spin soft wooll.
 Having thus complain'd, my tears began to rise,
 And dropped on thy body from my eyes.
 And while thy arms about me thou didst put,
 Thy hand thou with the sword had almost cut,
 And lest my Father should surprize and take thee,
 With these words I did suddenly awake thee.
 Rise *Linus* who dost now alone survive,
 Of all thy brethren none are left alive :
 Make hast, I say, betake thy self to flight,
 Make hast, or else thou wilt be slain to night.
 Awak'd from sleep, thou didst amazed stand,
 To see the glittering Sword shine in my hand :
 And I did wish thee for to fly away
 By night, and save thy self while I did stay.

morning when *Danaus* came to view
 them, which his most bloody Daughters flew,
 in them laid in death's eternal slumber,
 he was wanting to make up the number,
 angry, that so little blood was spill'd,
 that I my Husband had not kill'd;
 rather without any love or care,
 led me along even by my flaxen hair,
 straightway did command I should be cast
 in Prison, this was my reward at last.
 And still on us doth bend her brow,
 she was transform'd into a Cow;
 punishment enough by her was born,
Juno did her to a Cow transform.
 she that was so fair could not in height
 measure yield great *Jupiter* delight,
 the bank of the River *Inachus* now
 stood, cloath'd in the shape of a white Cow,
 in her Fathers stream both clear and cold,
 shadow of her horns she did behold;
 how'd aloud, when she to speak assay'd
 shape and voice did make her both afraid.
 dost thou fly from thy own self, alas,
 admire thy shape in that watry glass?
 she that was great *Jupiter's* chief Lais,
 forc'd to feed on dry leaves and grass.
 and drink'st spring water, and art in amaze
 on thy shadow thou dost look and gaze.
 of those spreading horns which thou dost bear
 on thy head, thou seem'st to stand in fear;
 she whose beauty *Jupiter* did wound,
 herh every night on the base ground.
 hills and rivers thou abroad dost stray,
 seas and countries thou dost find thy way.
 yet O how thou canst not escape,
 changing places, change thy outward shape.

What

What haste? thy self thou follow'st and dost fly,
 Thy self doth always bear thee company;
 Where *Nilus* seven streams to the sea do run,
 There she unto her former shape did come.
 But why should I such ancient tales relate;
 I have cause to complain of my own fate.
 My Father and my Uncle do wage war,
 And we out of our kingdom banisht are;
 And he our Royal Scepter now doth sway,
 While miserable we like pilgrims stray;
 Of fifty Brethren thou alone art left,
 For their deaths, and my sisters I have wept.
 My Sisters and my Brothers both slain were,
 For whose sakes, I can't chuse but shed a tear.
 And because thou in safety dost survive,
 To be tormented I am kept alive.

What punishment shall they expect that be
 Guilty, when they for goodness condemn me?
 And I must die, because I would not spill
 My husband's blood, and cruelly him kill?
 If therefore thou respectest me thy wife,
 Or lovest me, because I sav'd thy life;
 Help me, or if I die, I thee desire,
 To lay my body on the funeral fire.

Embalm my bones with thy moist tears, and then
 See that thou carefully do bury them.

And let this Epitaph be engraved on
 My Sepulchre or on my Marble stone:

" *Hypermetra* here underneath doth lye;

" That was ill rewarded for her piety;

" For she most like unto a faithful wife,

" Did lose her own to save her husbands life.

My trembling hand is tired with the weight
 Of Chains, or else I would more largely write;



The Argument of the fifteenth Epistle.

otherwise called Alexander, sailing to Lacedæmon to
 Helena, which Venus had promised him, was honour-
 ed by Menelaus, but Menelaus and Minos kindred going
 to divide Atreus his wealth, left Paris at home, charging
 him with as much respect as himself. But Paris impro-
 vity, began to woo and court Helena to gain her love.
 He artificially discovers his affection, and with amorous
 boasting

boasting endeavours to insinuate into her affection. And but knew that women love to hear their birth and beauty praised, endeavours by flattery to gain her favor, urging her praises, and vowing to disgrace her husband. And at last persuades her to him to Troy, where he would keep her by force.

PARIS to HELENA.

Paris, sweet *Helena*, wisheth heart to thee,
That health which you can only give to me.
Shall I speak, or need not I my flame reveal?
You know I love you, nor can I conceal
My love, which I could with might hidden be,
Till time did give the opportunity
Without all fear most freely to discover
My self to be your faithful constant Lover.
But yet who can the fire of Love conceal?
Which by its own light doth it self reveal.
Yet if thou look'st that I my grief should name,
Then know I love thee, these lines shew my flame.
And I entreat you to have pity on me,
Because my present sufferings proceed from thee.
With a frowning countenance read not the rest,
But such as may become thy beauty best;
The receipt of thy Letters joyeth me,
And cherish hope that I at last shall be
Receiv'd into thy favour, which I wish,
That *Venus* may her promise keep in this.
For loves fair Mother first persuaded me,
To take this journey in hope to gain thee;
And lest thou shouldst through ignorance offend,
By divine appointment I came to this end.
Venus persuaded me to underrake
This journey, which she would propitious make.
For since that *Venus* promis'd me, that you
Should be my wife, I challenge it as due.

And but
 praised her persuasions made me to take ship
 from Troy, and unto *Lacedæmon* skip;
 and she did make the winds most fair to stand,
 that's sprung from the Sea might it command.
 And as she smooth'd the Sea, and calm'd the wind,
 may she make thy breast most soft and kind.
 I did not find love here, I brought the flame
 With me, and to obtain thy love I came.
 My wandring storms I was not hither drove,
 My Ship was guided hither by true love.
 For came I hither like a Merchant man,
 To have wealth enough mine's Gods it maintain.
 For yet the Grecian Cities here to view,
 Or richer in my Kingdom I can shew.
 Is thee I ask, 'Tis thee I only crave,
 Whom *Venus* promis'd me that I should have.
 I askt thee of her when I did not know thee,
 She promis'd that she would on me bestow thee.
 For of thy beauty I had heard by fame,
 Before my eyes had e're beheld the same,
 Yet 'tis no wonder, if that *Cupid's* Bow,
 With feathered arrows makes me cry *Amo*:
 Since by unchanged fate it's so ordain'd,
 Then do not thou their hidden will withstand.
 And that you may believe it is my fate,
 Receive the truth, which I will here relate.
 When that my Mother was with child of me,
 And daily did expect delivery,
 She dream'd, for in her dream it did so seem,
 That of a fire-brand she had deliver'd been.
 She rises, and to *Priam* doth unfold
 Her dream, which he unto the Prophets told:
 Who straight foretold that *Paris* should destroy
 And like a kindled brand set fire on *Troy*.
 But I do think they rather might divine,
 That brand did signifie this love of mine,

And though I like a Shepherds son was bred,
My shape and spirit soon discovered,
That I had not been born the son of earth,
But that I claim'd Nobility by birth.
In the *Troy* valleys there's a place,
Which many trees with a cold shade do grace;
Wherein no Sheep do feed nor any Ox,
Nor Goats that love to climb upon high Rocks.
Here looking towards *Troy*, and to the Sea,
I stood and lean'd my self against a tree.
The truth I tell, methought the earth I on shook,
As if oppressed with some heavy load;
And presently swift *Mercury* from the skies,
Descended down and stood before my eyes.
And therefore what I saw I may unfold,
The God had in his hand a rod of Gold.
And three Goddesses, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Pallas*,
Did set their tender Feet upon the Grass,
Then cold amazement stiffned my long Hair,
But winged *Mercury* bid me not to fear.
"Thou art, says he, chosen to judge and end
"The matter 'twixt these Goddesses, who contend
"About their beauty, say they, which shall be
"Accounted the most beautiful of three.
"This Message I from *Jupiter* do bring:
Which having said he from the earth did spring,
And through the air did a quick passage make.
And by his words I did more courage take;
So that my mind more fortified grew,
And dreadless I each one of them did view.
Who unto me so beautiful did appear,
I could not judge which of them fairest were,
Yet one of them my fancy did approve,
Her beauty shew'd she was the Queen of Love.
But they contending which should fairest be,
Did all with most rich gifts sollicite me.

did fairly promise I should be,
 mighty Monarch, *Pallas* promis'd me
 earning, so that a doubt did now arise,
 whether I would chuse to be great or wise.
Venus smiling then, *Paris*, says she,
 those gifts of theirs but glorious troubles be,
 I give thee *Helena*, thou shalt hereafter
 thy arms embrace *Leda's* fair Daughter.
 As both her gift and beauty conquer'd me,
 that to her I gave the victory.
 And afterward my fate so kind was grown,
 now to be the King's Son I was known,
 my instalment all the Courts did joy,
 at a yearly festival in *Troy* :
 As I lov'd, I was belov'd of many,
 for thy sake I would not match with any.
 Kings and Dukes Daughters did of me approve,
 fairest Nymphs with me did fall in Love.
 All of them were but dispis'd of me,
 for I had this hope of marrying thee.
 Day and night in my mind I thee did keep,
 thinking on thee I would fall asleep.
 How comely would thy presence sure have been,
 whose beauty wounded me although unseen?
 As enflamed with a strange desire.
 When I was absent from the fire.
 Whose hopes I could no longer now contain,
 to Sea put forth my wish to obtain;
 And now the lofty Phrygian Pines I fell'd,
 And trees for building ships most fitting held.
 Woods of *Gargarus*, and *Ida* did yield
 A store of trees, wherewith I ships did build.
 Laid their Decks, and lined the ship side
 With Planks of Oak which might a storm abide;
 And did Rig, and Tackle them beside
 With Ropes, and Sails which to the Yards were ty'd;

And I did set on the Stern of the Ship
 The Image of those Gods which did it keep,
 And on my ship I did make them paint,
Venus and *Cupid*, that it might not want
 Her safe protection, who had promis'd me,
 By her assistance I should marry thee.
 Soon as my Fleet was builded thus and fram'd,
 To Sea I presently resolv'd to stand;
 My Father and Mother, when I did require
 Their leave to go, would not grant my desire,
 Or licence me, and therefore to have staid
 My intended journey, both of them assay'd.
 My Sister *Cassandra* with loosen'd hair,
 When as my ships even weighing Anchor were,
 Said, whither goest thou? thou shalt bring again,
 By crossing the Seas a destroying flame;
 The truth she said, for I have found a fire,
 Love hath enflam'd my soft breast with desire.
 A fair wind from the Port my Sails did drive,
 And I in *Helena's* Country did arrive,
 Where thy Husband did me much kindness show:
 And sure the Gods decreed it should be so.
 He shew'd me all that worthy was of sight
 In *Lacedæmon* to breed me delight.
 But there was nothing that my fancy took,
 But only thee and thy sweet beauteous look;
 For when I saw thee I was even amaz'd,
 My heart was wounded while on thee I gaz'd:
 For I remember *Venus* was like thee,
 When she would have her beauty judg'd by me.
 And if thou had'st contended with her, I
 Had surely given thee the victory.
 For the report of thee abroad was blown,
 Thy beauty was in every Country known.
 For through all Nations, where the Sun doth rise,
 Thy beauty only bears away the prize.

believe me, fame did not report so much
 as thou deserv'st, thy beauty seemeth such,
 That *Theseus* did not thy love disdain,
 And to steal thee away did think't no shame :
 When suiting to the *Lacedæmonian* fashion,
 Thou did'st sport with the young-men of the Nation.
 In stealing thee I like his just desire,
 But how he could restore thee I admire.
 For such a Beauteous prey had sure deserv'd,
 To have been kept and constantly preserv'd.
 For before thou should'st been took from my bed,
 Before I would lose thee, I would lose my head.
 Alas ! could I have ere so forgone thee,
 While I liv'd have let thee been took from me ?
 But if I must restore thee needs at last,
 I would have yet presum'd to touch and tast
 The Golden apples of thy Virgin tree,
 And not send thee back with Virginity ;
 If that I had spar'd thy Virgin treasures,
 I would have riss'd some other pleasures.
 Then grant thy love to *Paris*, who will be,
 While I do live most constant unto thee.
 I will be constant to your own desire,
 My love and life shall both at once expire.
 Before great Kingdoms I preferred thee,
 Which Royal *Juno* promis'd unto me.
 And learning, *Pallas* gift, I did refuse,
 And to enjoy thy sweet self I did chuse.
 Then *Juno*, *Venus*, and fair *Pallas* too,
 Their naked bodies unto me did shew ;
 And in the *Idean* valleys did not grudge,
 To make of beauty to make me their Judge,
 For I do not repent of my election,
 My mind is constant to my first affection.
 My speech thee let not my hope prove vain,
 To spar'd no labour in hope thee to gain.

Beneath your self you need not to decline,
Your birth is noble, so is also mine.
So that if we do match, you cannot fall
Beneath your birth, or be disgrac'd at all.
For if you search into my Pedigree,
Jove and *Alectra* are of kin to me,
And my father *Priam* doth the Scepter sway,
Of the great'st Kingdom in all *Asia*.
Many Cities and fair Houses thou shalt see,
And Temples suiting the God's Majesty.
Thou shalt see *Troy*, with Towers encompass'd round,
Whose walls *Apollo's* Harp at first did sound.
Besides there are such store of people there,
The land the people cannot hardly bear.
Great troops of *Trojan* Matrons thou shalt meet,
And store of *Trojan* Wives in every street.
The poverty of *Greece* thou then wilt pity,
When thou seest one house as rich as a City.
Yet *Sparta* I cannot condemn with scorn,
Because thou in that happy Land wert born;
But *Sparta* is poor, and cannot afford thee;
Dressings, which with thy beauty may agree.
That face of thine ought not to be content
With some common, but a curious ornament;
And it is fit thou should'st the old lay by,
And every day wear some fresh rarity.
When the habit of the *Trojans* you do see,
You may think womens habits richer be.
Then *Helen* grant me Love, do not disdain
A *Trojan* who thy Favour would obtain.
He was a *Trojan* from our blood descended
Who with his Heavenly office was befriended
To fill *Jove's* Cup, and with water allay
The strength of his *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
A *Trojan*, in *Aurora* took delight,
Who doth begin the day, conclude the night:

which was descended too from *Troy*,
 whom the Queen of Love desired to enjoy,
 and did descend in the *Idean Valley*,
 amorous ways to sport with him and dally.
 I am a *Trojan* too, and if in truth
 you should compare my beauty and my youth
 with *Menelaus*, I suppose that he
 should not in your choice be preferr'd to me.
 In matching with me, thou shalt not be kin
 to such as bloody *Atreus* hath been,
 who with the flesh of men his Horses fed,
 from which fight the Suns frighted Horses fled.
 My Grand-father did not his Brother kill,
 but *Menelaus* Grand-father, who did spill
 Prius blood, whom being murder'd so,
 into the *Myrtoan* sea did throw.
 For yet our great Grand-father catcheth after,
 like unto *Tantalus* in the *Stygian* water)
 apples, and water, which are both so nigh
 his lips, and yet from his touch'd lips do fly.
 Yet if thou hadst from them descended been,
 I would me wish to be to thee a kin.
 Yet unworthy *Menelaus* takes delight
 to see thee, and doth enjoy thee every night:
 I scarcely can behold thee at the Table,
 and there to look on thee I am not able:
 For at that very time I do observe and find
 many things, that do much offend my mind,
 for when the banquet is brought in, then I
 do wish my room unto my enemy.
 For it doth grieve me when I do behold,
 how with his arms he doth thy neck infold,
 and I could blush, when he before my face
 doth thy small waist so clownishly imbrace.
 And it did break my heart when I did see
 how he would cast his furr'd gown over thee.

And when that he would give thee kisses soft;
I put the cup before my eyes full oft.
His close embraces I did never brook,
For I beheld them with a down cast look,
My meat, as if within my mouth it grew,
I did most willingly seem to chew.
And I sigh'd often, which when thou did'st see,
Thou oftentimes would'st smile, and laugh at me,
Then I would strive to quench my flame with Wine.
But love through drunkenness most clear doth shine.
When I look'd away, lest I more should see,
Thy beauty made me look again on thee.
It grieved me to look on my disgrace,
But griev'd me more not to look on thy face ;
And I did strive my passion for to hide,
But oh ! dissembled love is soonest spy'd.
I do not flatter thee, thou did'st perceive
That I did love thee, nor could I deceive :
Thou discern'st my love, which I wish may be
Known to thy self alone, and none but thee.
When tears did spring, I turn'd away my head,
Lest *Menelaus* should ask why I them shed.
How oft have I told feigned tales of love ?
Hoping thereby I might your favour move ;
Under a feigned name hoping to move you :
But it was I indeed did truly love you.
And that I might my mind more freely speak,
A wanton drunkenness I would counterfeit.
I remember once thy bosom open lay,
And to my view thy white breast did betray ;
Thy fair breasts which were far more white in show
Than purest milk, or the new fallen Snow,
Or whiter than that Swans fair downy feather,
When *Jupiter* and *Leda* lay together.
When I beheld them, I was so amaz'd,
My Ring fell from my finger as I gaz'd.

When

When thou kissed'st thy Daughter, I would not mis-
 take thy kiss off with another kiss.
 And sometimes I some ancient song would sing,
 Of those that heretofore had Lovers been,
 Sometimes by secret signs my love was shown,
 And by a nod or wink I made it known.
 When to *Clymene* and *Ethra* I did shew
 My grief, and both of them began to woo,
 My waiting maids who when I had begun;
 They both did leave me before I had done.
 And do wish the God's had been so bent,
 To have made thee prize of a Turnament.
 That he that got the victory might bear thee
 Out of the field, and he that won thee wear thee,
 As *Hippomenes* fair *Atlanta* won,
 Who all her former suiters had outrun.
 Thou in the *Phrygian* Cities shalt be seen
 Like *Hippodamia* brought in like a Queen
 By *Pelops*, and as stout *Alcides* brake
 The belous horns for *Dejanira's* sake;
 So by some valiant adventure, I
 Would win thee by some act of Chivalry.
 But now I can beg of thy sweet beauty,
 And at thy feet prostrate my self in duty.
 O thou that art thy brothers only glory,
 To whom even *Jove* himself could not be sorry
 To be a Husband, if so be you were
 Not by birth descended from *Jupiter*.
 Either I will return to *Troy* with thee,
 Or here in thy *Iconia* buried be.
 Loves arrow hath so wounded my soft breast,
 That it unto the very bone hath pierc'd:
 My sister truly prophes'd of me,
 That with loves arrow I should wounded be.
 Then since (sweet *Helen*,) 'tis ordain'd by fate,
 That I should love thee, pity my estate.

Do not contemn my love, but my sute hear,
 So may the Gods attend unto thy prayer.
 If thou wilt let me lie with thee to night,
 More I could say that should breed thy delight.
 To wrong thy Husband so, art thou asham'd;
 Or that thy marriage bed should be stain'd?
 O *Helen*; thou a country Conscience hast;
 "Do'st thou imagine to be fair and chaste?
 Either change thy beauty or more loving be,
 "For beauty is a foe to chastity.
Venus doth love Love's stolen fruit to gather,
 And *Jupiter* scapes did make him thy Father.
 Then how can'st thou be chaste, if thou take after
Jupiter and *Leda*? Thou art their daughter.
 May'st thou be chaste when thou to *Troy* art brought,
 And for thy rape may I be held in fault.
 Let's not offend, and after mend our life,
 When as *Venus* promised, thou art my wife.
 Besides, thy Husbands actions do commend
 The same to thee, who that he might befriend
 His-guest, absents himself, to give us leisure,
 And opportunity to enjoy pleasure.
 To go to *Creet* he thought it time most fit.
 O he's a man of an honourable wit;
 Which at his departure was well exprest,
 When he bid thee use well his *Trojan* guest.
 Thy absent Husband's will thou dost neglect,
 Thou tak'st no care of me, nor me affect,
 Bring so senseless thinkest thou that he
 Can prize thy beauty or else value thee?
 He cannot, for if he had known the danger,
 He had not bid thee be kind to a stranger.
 Although my words nor love cannot move thee,
 Let us improve this opportunity.
 Than thy husband our selves shall shew more folly,
 If we lose time through bashful melancholy.

To be thy Paramour be offer'd me,
Take use then of his weak simplicity.
For thou dost lie alone, and so do I,
Twere better if we did together lie.
Let us enjoy our selves, for I do say,
Midnights sport yields more pleasure than the day :
Then thou shalt have fair promises of me,
And I will bind my self to marry thee.
For I do vow, if that thou canst believe me,
For one nights lodging I'll a Kingdom give thee
And if thou canst but so believing be,
Unto my kingdom thou shalt go with me.
That thou follow'dst me it shall not be thought,
For I alone will bear the blame, and fault,
As *Theseus* did, my actions shall be such,
And his example may thee nearly touch.
For *Theseus* did carry thee away,
Castor and *Pollux* so did also stray,
And I will be the fourth, my love's as ample
To thee, and I will follow their example.
My *Trojan* Fleet for thee doth ready stay,
And when you please we soon may sail away.
Thou in *Troy* City shalt live as a *Queen*,
Ador'd as if thou hadst some Goddess been.
And wheresoever thou dost please to be,
The people shall offer sacrifice to thee,
Thy kindred, and the *Trojans* shall present
Gifts unto thee with humble compliment.
I cannot here describe thy happiness,
Far above that my letter doth express.
Let not the fear of Wars thy thoughts amaze,
Or that all *Greece* will straight great forces raise
To fetch thee back ; who have they fetcht again ?
Believe me, those tears are but fond, and vain.
The *Thracians* *Orithia* took away,
Yet no wars after troubled *Thracia*.

Jason from *Colchos* brought away *Medea*,
 And yet no wars did waſt *Theſſalia*.
Phædra and *Ariadne* ſtollen were
 By *Theſeus*, yet *Minos* made no war.

“Dangers may ſeem far greater than they are,
 “And fear may be without all ground of fear.
 Suppose too (if you pleaſe) wars ſhould enſue,
 Yet I by force their forces could ſubdue,
 My Country can to yours yield equal forces,
 For it hath ſtore of men and ſtore of horſes.
 Nor can your Husband *Menelaus* ſhew
 More valiant courage, than *Paris* can do,
 For when I was a young ſtrippling, I
 Did reſcue our flocks from the Enemy ;
 Who did intend to drive them all,
 Whereon they did me *Alexander* call.
 And of *Ilioneus* and *Deiphobus* I,
 When I was young did get the victory.
 And as in ſingle combate I plaid my part,
 So with my bow I could hit any mark.
 And I know *Menelaus* was not ſuch
 A forward youth, nor could he do ſo much.
 Beſides, *Hector*’s my brother, who may ſtand
 In account of Souldiers for a whole band :
 My ſtrength, and forces are unknown to thee,
 Nor know’ſt thou what a husband I ſhall be.
 And therefore, either no wars ſhall enſue,
 Or *Trojan* forces ſhall the *Greeke* ſubdue.
 Yet I could be content for ſuch a wife
 To fight: “there’s credit in a noble ſtriſe.
 Beſides if all the world ſhould fight for thee,
 Thou ſhalt be famous to poſterity :
 Sweet *Helen* then conſent to go with me,
 What I have promis’d ſhall performed be.



The Argument of the sixteenth Epistle.

HElena having read Paris his Epistle; in her answer seems at first offended, and chides him, and for modesty's sake objects his persuasions, proving them idle, but so that she rather encourages him, than takes away encouragement from him to proceed in his suit, thereby shewing a Womans crafty wit, according to that of Theophrastus, in his Art of Love:

Forſitan & primo veniet tibi litera triſtis,
 Quæq; rogat, ne ſe ſollicitare velis.
 Quod rogat illa timet: quod non rogat optat ut inſtet,
 Inſequere, &c.

*At fiſt perhaps her Letter will be ſowre,
 And on thy hopes her paper ſeem to lowre :
 In which ſhe will conjure thee to be mute,
 And charge thee to forbear thy hated ſuit.
 Tuſh, what ſhe moſt ſowrns, ſhe moſt deſires,
 In froſty woods are hid the hottest fires.*

At laſt ſhe ſeems to conſent to Paris deſire, adviſing him as a moſt ſafe and honeſt courſe, not to write his deſire, but to impart his mind to her waiting maids, Clymene and Æhra; he dealing with them ſo far prevailed, that he brought both Helena and them to Troy.

HELENA's Answer to PARIS.

Since thy wanton Letter did my eyes infect
 When I did read it, why ſhould I neglect
 To answer it? Since to answer it can be
 No breach of chaſtity at all in me.
 What boldneſs was it in thee, thus to break
 All laws of hoſpitality, and to ſpeak
 Thus by your Letter, thereby for to move
 My affection, and ſollicite me for love?
 Didſt thou on purpoſe ſail into our Port
 That thou might'ſt wooe me, and with fair words court,
 And had not we power to avoid this danger?
 And ſhut our Palace-gate againſt a ſtranger?
 Who doſt requite our love with injury?
 Did'ſt thou come as a gueſt or Enemy?
 I know my juſt complaint will ſeem to thee,
 To proceed from rudeneſs, and ruſticity.
 Let me ſeem rude, ſo I preſerve my fame,
 And keep my honour free from ſpot or ſtain.

Althoug

Although my countenance be not sad or lowre,
 Though with bent brows I do not sit and lowre:
 Yet I have kept my clear fame without spot,
 No man hath in my Tables found a blot.
 That I wonder whence thy encouragement
 Proceedeth, that thou shouldest my love attempt.
 Because once *Theseus* stole me as a prey,
 Shall I the second time be stolen away?
 Had been my fault had I given consent,
 Not being stolen against my will I went.
 And yet he gathered not my Virgin flower.
 He us'd no violence, though I was in his power:
 The kisses he did only striving gain,
 No more kindness could from me obtain.
 Which is thy wantonness, thou wouldst not be
 With him content alone with kissing me.
 I brought me back untoucht, his modesty
 Would to excuse his former injury;
 And plainly it appear'd that the young man
 After stealing me grew penitent again.
 At *Paris* comes when *Theseus* is fallen off,
 That *Helen* may be still the Worlds scoff.
 Not with a lover who can be offended,
 Thy love prove true as thou hast pretended?
 This I do doubt, although I do not fear
 Thy beauty can command love any where,
 Not because women should not believe men,
 Nor men with flattering words do oft deceive them.
 Though other wives offend, and that a fair one
 Seldom chaste, yet I will be that rare one.
 Because you think my Mother did offend,
 Her example you think me to bend.
 My mother was deceived; *Jove* to her came
 In the shape of a milk-white feathered Swan.
 I offend, 'tis not my ignorance,
 No mistake can shadow my offence.

And

And yet her error may be happy thought,
 For to offend with greatness is no fault.
 But I should not be happy, if I err,
 Since I should not offend with *Jupiter*.
 Of Royal kindred thou dost boast to be,
 But *Jove's* the fountain of Nobility.
 Nay though from *Jupiter* thy self dost spring,
 And *Pelops* and *Atræus* be to thee a kin;
Jupiter's my Father, who himself did cover
 With a Swans feathers, and deceiv'd my Mother.
 Go reckon now the Pedigree of thy Nation,
 And talk of *Priam* and *Laomedon*,
 Whom I do reverence, yet thou shalt be
 Remov'd from *Jupiter* to the fifth degree;
 And I but one; albeit that *Troy*
 Be a great land, such is this we enjoy.
 Though it for wealth, and store of men excel,
 The land is barbarous, where thou dost dwell.
 Yet thy Letter promises such gifts to me,
 That Goddesses might therewith temptred be.
 But if I may with modesty thus speak,
 Thy self and not thy gifts my fancy take.
 For either I'll keep my integrity,
 Or for thy love, not gifts I'll go with thee.
 Though I despise them not, if ere I take
 Those gifts, it shall be for the givers sake.
 For when thy gifts have no power to move me,
 I do esteem this more that thou dost love me;
 And that thou should'st a painful voyage take
 Through the rough Seas, and all even for my sake,
 And I do mark thy carriage at the Table,
 Although I to dissemble it am able.
 Sometimes thou wantonly wilt on me glance,
 And put me almost out of countenance.
 Sometimes thou sigh'st, and then the cup do'st take,
 And to drink where I did drink, do'st pleasure take.

and so sometimes with thy fingers, or a wink,
 thou closely would'st express what thou didst think.
 And I confess I have blush'd many times,
 to fear my husband should discern thy signs.
 And oftentimes unto my self I said,
 if he were shameless he would be dismay'd.
 And on the Table thou hast many a time
 drawn forth with a little wine
 the Letters which my name did plainly show,
 and underneath them thou hast writ, *Amo*.
 look't on it, but seem'd not to believe thee,
 now this word *Amo* doth also grieve me.
 these allurements thou my heart might'st bend,
 that I would have yielded to offend.
 I confess thou hast a beauteous face
 that win a Maid to ^{thy faunt} embrace.
 Some other rather ^{grave be} enjoy thee,
 than that a strangers ^{wealth, go} so destroy me.
 Resist the power of beauty learn by me,
 he abstains from things which pleasing be.
 how many young men have I wooed been?
 the beauty *Paris* sees, others have seen.
 thou art more bold, but they as much did see,
 thou hast more courage, but less modesty.
 would thy ship had then arriv'd here,
 when a thousand youths for my love Suitors were.
 before a thousand I had preferr'd thee,
 even my husband must have pardon'd me.
 thou hast stay'd too long, and hast to trifled
 all my Virgin joys are gone and rifled,
 thou wert too slow, therefore suppress thy flame.
 if thou desir'st another doth obtain.
 though to have been thy wife I do wish still,
 he enjoys me, not 'gainst my will,
 with fair words to mollify my breast,
 if I love me let it be so express.

Let me live as fortune hath allotted me.
 Do not seek to corrupt my chastity.
 But *Venus* promis'd thee in the *Idian* wood,
 When three naked Goddesses before thee stood:
 One promised a Kingdom unto thee,
 T'other that thou in wars should'st prosperous be,
 But *Venus* who was the third in this strife,
 Did promise *Helena* should be thy wife.
 I scarce believe the Goddesses would be
 In a case of beauty judg'd so by thee.
 Were the first true, the latter part is feign'd,
 That she gave thee me, for judgment obtain'd.
 I do not think my beauty such, that she
 Could think to bribe thy Judgment by that fee.
 I am content that men my beauty prize
 That beauty *Venus* praises she
 There's no assurance in a stranger's love
 As they do wander, so their loves doth rove.
 And when you hope to find most constancy,
 Their love doth cool, and they away do fly.
 Witness *Ariadne* and *Hypsibule*,
 Whose lawless love procur'd their misery.
 And it is said, thou did'st *Oenone* wrong,
 Forsaking her whom thou had'st lov'd so long.
 This by thy self cannot denied be,
 For know I took care to enquire of thee.
 Besides if thou had'st a design to prove
 Constant in thy affection and true love;
 Yet thou would'st be compell'd at last to fail,
 And with thy *Trojans* thou away would'st sail.
 For if the wished night appointed were,
 Thou would be gone, if that the wind stood fair.
 And when our pleasures grew unto the height
 Thou would'st be gone, if that the wind stood right;
 So by a fair wind I should be bereft
 Of joys even in the midst imperfect left,

as thou perswad'st shall I follow thee
 Troy, and so great *Priam's* Daughter be?
 I do not so much contemn swift fame,
 but I would stick disgrace upon thy name.
 What would *Priam*, and his wife think of me
 their Daughters, and my brothers which may be?
 What might *Sparta*, and *Greece* of *Helen* say?
 What might *Troy* report, and *Asia*?
 How canst thou hope I should faithful prove?
 And not to others, as to thee grant love?
 That if a strangers ship do arrive there,
 will procure in thee a jealous fear.
 And in thy rage call me adulterers,
 when thou art guilty of my wickedness.
 Thou that didst cause my fault wilt me upbraid.
 May I first into my grave be laid.
 I shall have *Troy's* wealth, go rich and brave,
 more than thou canst promise I shall have.
 And Cloth of Gold they shall present me,
 and store of Gold shall for a gift be sent me.
 Pardon me, those gifts cannot inflame me,
 how not how thy Land would entertain me,
 in the *Trojan* Land I should wrong'd be,
 how could my brother, or father help me?
 He *Jason* with fair promises beguil'd
 me, who was afterward exil'd.
 His Father *Eetes* was not there, to whom
 when she was scorn'd by *Jason*, she might come,
 to her Mother *Ipsea*, to whom she
 might return, nor her Sister *Calciope*.
 Was not this, was not *Medea* afraid?
 And those who mean best, soonest are betray'd.
 And in the harbour do in safety ride
 are tost at Sea, and do storms abide,
 that same fire-brand too affrighteth me,
 which thy Mother dreamt, and thought that she

Had been deliver'd: and besides too I
 Do fear *Cassandra's* dismal prophecy;
 Who did foretel, as truth did her inspire,
 The *Greeks* would waste the City *Troy* with fire.
 And besides, as fair *Venus* favours thee,
 Because thy judgment gave her the victory;
 I fear the other Goddesses do grudge
 At thee, because thou didst against them judge.
 As I do know that wars may follow after,
 That fatal love shall be reveng'd with slaughter.
 Yet to allow her praise I am content,
 Why should I question that which she hath meant?
 Yet for my slow belief be not thou griev'd,
 For such good matters hardly are believ'd.
 First I am glad that *Venus* did regard me,
 Secondly, that with me she did reward thee.
 And that *Helen* when you of her beauty heard,
 Was before *Pallas* and *Juno's* gifts preferr'd.
 Am I both wisdom, and Kingdom to thee?
 Since thou lov'st me, should I no kindness shew thee
 I'm not so cruel, yet cannot incline
 To love him, who I fear cannot be mine.
 For suppose I to Sea would go with thee,
 To steal hence I have no opportunity.
 In love's thefts I am ignorant and rude,
 Heavens know my husband I did ne'er delude!
 And in a Letter thus my mind to shew,
 Is a task, I before did never do.
 They are happy that do use it every day,
 To offend it is hard to find the way.
 A kind of painful fear restraineth me,
 And how they look on us me-thinks I see.
 Of the grumbling people I am much afraid,
 For *Æthra* told me long since what they said.
 But take no notice, nor do thou desist,
 I know you can dissemble if you list

sport and spare not, but let us be wary;
 If not chaste, let us at least be chary,
 though that *Mentlaus* absent be,
 I discreetly use my liberty.
 though he is on earnest business gone,
 for this journey had occasion;
 I occasion thus my love to show
 chaste to return, Sweet-heart, if you go
 the straightway to recompense my wish
 I return gave me a joyful kiss.
 I long me that my care should be exprest
 coming to his house, and *Trojan* guest.
 And, and to him could say nought at all,
 And, to refrain laughing with, I shall.
 In a prosperous wind he sail'd to *Creet*.
 I do what thou dost list, is not meet.
 Not in his absence with guard most strong,
 I thou not know the hands of Kings are long?
 he, thou wrong'st us both in praising me,
 when he hears it he will jealous be.
 Fame of beauty maketh me suspected.
 Had I had the fame of it neglected.
 I to leave us together he thought fit,
 I own keeping he did me commit.
 I knew there could no better guardian be,
 I keep me chaste than my own honesty.
 I'd my beauty, but my chastity
 I take away that idle jealousy.
 I take use of time thou adviseest me,
 I his absence gives opportunity.
 I confess I have a good mind to it,
 I yet unresolved, and fear to do it.
 I you know my Husband is from home,
 I you without a wife do lie alone,
 I nights are long, and while we sit together
 I house, we may talk unto each other,

And woe is me! when we are both alone,
I know thou hast a fair alluring tongue.
Thus every circumstance seems to invite me,
And nothing but a bashful fear doth fright me,
Since persuasions do no good, leave that course
And make me leave this bashfulness by force.
Such force would seem a welcome injury,
And I would fain be thus compell'd by thee:
Yet let me rather my new love refrain,
A little water quenches a young flame.
Did not the stout Inhabitant of *Thessalia*
Fight with the *Centawres* for *Hippodamia*?
And dost thou not think *Menelaus* hath,
And *Tyndarus* as violent a wrath?
Although of valour thou dost boast to me,
Thy words and amorous face do not agree.
Thou art not fit for *Mars*, nor for the field,
But for *Venus* combates, which do pleasures yield.
Let valiant hardy men of Wars approve,
But *Paris* follow thou the wars of love.
Let *Hector* fight for thee, whom thou dost praise,
The gentle wars of Love shall give thee Bayes.
And in these wars 'tis wisdom for to fight,
And any maid that's wise will take delight,
Not upon idle points of modesty to stand,
I may perhaps in time give thee my hand.
But it is your desire, that you and I
Should meet, I know what you do mean thereby.
Thus far this guilty Letter hath reveal'd
A piece of my mind, the rest is conceal'd.
By *Clymene* and *Æthra* we may further
Make known our minds, more fully to each other,
For these two Maidens in such matters be
Companions, and Counsellors to me,



The Argument of the seventeenth Epistle.

The Sea of Hellespont being seven furlongs over, and as Pliny witnesseth dividing Europe from Asia, had on the one side in Europe, where Hero lived, and Abydos in Asia, where Leander dwelled, being two opposite Cities. Leander of Abydos being deeply in Love with Hero of Sestos, did use to swim by night over her lover the Hellespont: but being hindered by the tempestuousness of the Sea, after seven days were past, he sent this letter to his sweet-heart Hero, by an adventurous ship-master that

put forth to Sea in the storm; Wherein he sheweth that his love is
and constant. Afterward he complaineth that the roughness of the
should hinder him from swimming to her. Lastly, he promiseth
he will venture to come, and expose himself to the dangers of the
rather than to want the sight of her, or her sweet company.
Martial thus of him signifieth,

Cum peteret dulces audax Leander amores,
Et fessus tumidis jam premeretur aquis;
Sic miser instantes affatus dicitur undas;
Parcite dum propero, mergite dum redeo.

While bold Leander to his Sweet-heart swims,
And swelling waves did beat his weary limbs:
To the billows that beat him so,
'Tis said that thus he spake;
Spare me while I to Hero go,
Drown me when I come back.

LEANDER to HERO.

THY Love Leander wisheth thee all health,
(Hero) which I had rather bring my self,
For if the rough Seas had more calmer been,
From Abydos to Sestos I would swim.
If the fates smile upon our love, then
Do know thou wilt read my lines willingly.
This Paper-messenger may welcome be,
But thou had'st rather have my company.
But the fates frown, and will not suffer me
(As I was us'd) now to swim unto thee.
The Sky is black, the Seas are rough, alas,
So that no Ship or Bark from home dare pass.
Yet one bold Ship-master went from our Haven,
To whom this present Letter I have given;
And had come with him, but the Abydians stay'd
Upon their watch-towers, while the Anchor weigh'd;

presently they would have been descri'd,
 discern'd our love, which we seek to hide.
 With this Letter I did write, and so
 unto it, Happy Letter go;
 In thy happiness, thou must understand
 Hero shall receive thee with her hand,
 perhaps thou shalt kiss her rosie lips,
 with her teeth the Seals she open rips.
 When I spoke these words, then my right hand after
 wrote these words upon this silent Paper.
 I do wish, that my right hand might be
 as swift in writing, but to swim to thee:
 more fit to swim, yet I can write
 as good with ease, and happily indite.
 Ten nights are past which seem to me a year,
 since first the Seas with storms enraged were.
 Ten nights seem'd long to me, I could not sleep,
 I think the Sea should still in roughness keep.
 The torches which on thy tower burning be
 were, or else I thought that I did see.
 Since I put off my cloths, and did begin
 three times to make tryal if I could swim,
 the swelling seas did my desire oppose,
 those rising billows o'er my face o'erflows:
 O Boreas, who art the fiercest wind,
 why thus to cross me dost thou bend thy mind?
 dost thou not storm against the seas but me:
 hast thou not been in love what wouldst thou be?
 though thou art cold, yet once thou didst approve
 my love, who did warm thy heart with love.
 I would'st have vexed, if with *Orithya* fair
 my passage had been hindred through the air.
 Sure me then and calm thy blustering wind,
 so may'st thou from *Aëlius* favour find.
 I perceive he murmurs at my prayer,
 still the seas both rough and stormy are.

I wish that *Dædæus* would give wings to me,
 Though the *Icarian* seas not far off be,
 Where *Icarus* did fall, when he did proffer
 To fly too high, let me the same chance suffer,
 While flying through the air to thee I come,
 As through the water I have often swum.
 But since both wind, and seas deny to me
 My passage, think how I first came to thee.
 It was at that time when night doth begin,
 (Th' remembrance of past pleasures, pleasure bring)
 When I who was *Amans*, which we translate
 A Lover, stole out of my fathers Gate.
 And having put off all my cloths straightway,
 My arms through the moist seas cut their way.
 The Moon did yield a glimmering light to me,
 Which all the way did bear me company.
 I looked on her, said, Some favor have
 Towards me, and think upon the *Latmian* Cave.
 O favour me! for thy *Endymion's* sake,
 Prosper this stollen journey which I take.
 A mortals love made thee come from thy Sphere :
 And she I love is like a Goddess fair.
 For none unless that she a Goddess be,
 Can be so virtuous, and so fair as she.
 Nay none but *Venus*, or thy self can be
 So fair; view her; if you'll not credit me.
 For as thy silver beams do shine more bright
 Than lesser streams, which yield a dimmer light :
 Even so of all fair ones she is the rarest,
 And *Cynthia* cannot doubt but she's the fairest.
 When I these words, or else the like had said,
 My passage through the Sea by night I made,
 The Moons bright beams were in the waters seen,
 And 'twas as light as if it day had been.
 No noise nor voice unto my ears did come,
 But the murmur of the water when I swum,

the *Alcyons* for lov'd *Ceyx* sake,
 ed by night a sweet complaint to make,
 when my arms to grow tyr'd did begin,
 the top of the waves I did spring.
 when I saw thy torch, O then quoth I,
 ere that fire blazeth, my fair Love doth lie.
 that same shore, said I, doth her contain,
 is my Goddess, my fire and my flame.
 se words to my Arms did such strength restore,
 thought the Sea grew calmer than before.
 coldness of the waves, I seem'd to scorn,
 love did keep my amorous heart still warm,
 nearer I came to the shore I find
 greater courage and more strength of mind.
 when I could by thee discerned be,
 thou gav'st me courage by looking on me.
 to please thee, my Mistress, I begin
 spread my Arms abroad, and strongly swim,
 Nurse from leaping down could scarce stay thee,
 without flattery I did also see,
 though she did restrain thee, thou didst come
 down to the shore and to the waves didst run.
 to embrace and kiss me didst begin,
 The Gods to get such kisses sure would swim.
 and thy own garments thou wouldst put on me,
 drying my hair which had been wet at Sea.
 that past besides, the Tower, and we do know,
 and Torch, which through the Sea my way did show.
 the joys of that night we no more can count
 than drops of water in the *Hellaspont*.
 and because we had so little time for pleasure,
 us'd our time, and did not wast our leisure.
 when *Aurora* rose from *Tithon's* bed,
 and the morning star shew'd his glittering head,
 then we did kiss in haste, and kiss again,
 and that the Night was past we did complain.

When thy Nurse did me of the time inform,
 Then from thy Tower I to the shore return.
 With tears we parted, and then I begin
 Back through the *Hellepont* again to swim.
 And while I swum, I should look back on thee,
 As far as I could thee (sweet *Hero*) see.
 And if you will believe me, when I do come
 Hither unto thee, then methought I swum,
 But when from thee again I turned back,
 I seem'd like one that had suffer'd ship-wrack.
 To my home I went unwillingly again,
 My City 'gainst my will doth me contain.
 Alas! why should we be by seas disjoyn'd?
 Since that love hath united us in mind.
 Since we bear such affection to each other,
 Why should not we in one land dwell together?
 In *Sestos*, or *Abydos* dwell with me,
 Thy country pleaseth me, as mine doth thee.
 Why should the rough seas thus perplex our minds?
 Why should we be parted by cruel winds?
 The Dolphins with our love acquainted grow:
 The fish by often swimming do me know.
 And through the water I have worn a path,
 Like to those wheel-ruts which a high-way hath.
 I complain that I to such shifts was put,
 But now the winds that passage have up-shut.
 The *Hellepont* is rough, the waves go high,
 So that ships scarce in Harbour safe do lie.
 And I believe this sea her name first found,
 From the Virgin *Helle*, who was in't drown'd.
 This sea shall by her death infamous be.
 Her name doth shew her guilt though she spare me:
 I envy *Jason*, who did sail to *Greece*,
 And fetcht away from thence the Golden-Fleece,
 In his ship call'd the *Ram*, yet I desire
 No ship of his, this is all I require;

the waters of the *Hellepont* would be
gentle to permit me to swim to thee.
Want no art to swim, give leave to me,
And both the ship and Pilot I will be.
Will not sail by the great or lesser bear,
Nor by such common stars love cannot fear.
To others on *Andromeda's* star look;
To *Ariadne's* Crown to Heaven look;
Or yet *Calisto's* stars which do shine clear
In the Polar Circle, which they call the Bear.
These stars which by the Gods were stellifi'd,
My doubtful passage shall not be my guide,
For I have a more brighter star than these,
Whose love will guide me through the darkest seas.
When my arms grew tyred with weariness.
That they cannot cut their ways through the seas,
When I do tell them that to quit their pain
They should embrace thee, they would then again,
To enjoy their prize, with such a fresh strength swim,
Like a swift Horse that doth to run begin.
Thou art my star, and I will follow thee,
Rather than all those stars in Heaven be.
Thou, thou art far more worthy for to shine
A star in Heaven, yet stay on earth thy time.
Or if thou wilt needs go, then shew to me
The way to Heaven, that I may follow thee.
Thou art here, yet I the way to thee can't find,
The roughness of the seas perplex my mind.
What though the Ocean do not us two part?
This narrow sea keeps me from thee, sweet heart.
If I should in some distant Country be,
It would cut off all hope of seeing thee.
But now I am inflam'd with more desire,
And burn the more the nearer to the fire.
And though the thing I wish for absent be,
Yet I do hope for that I cannot see.

That

That which I love I almost seem to touch,
Which makes me weep to think my hopes are such.
I catch at Apples which from me do fly
Like *Tantalus*, or the stream which glides by.
Shall I then never be posselt of thee,
Until the winds and sea so pleased be?
When wind and water fickle be, shall I
Upon the wind and water still rely?
Shall I be hindred by the raging seas?
The Goats, Bootes, or the Pleiades?
If I have any courage thou shalt see,
Love shall embolden me to swim to thee.
And if I promise I will come away,
And perform my promise without all delay.
If seas continue still their raging anger,
I'll try to swim to thee in despite of danger:
Either my bold attempt shall happy prove,
Or death shall give an end unto my love.
Yet I do wish my body may be driven,
Like to a wrack to thy beloved Haven:
Then thou wilt weep on it, and say 'twas I
Was the occasion, that this man did dye.
I know when thou hast in my Letter found
This word of Death, thou wilt hate the sad sound.
Fear not; but that the sea may now incline
To calmness, joyn your prayers I pray with mine.
If it were calm until I did swim thither,
Arriv'd again let it be blustering weather,
In the Harbour of thy Castle I'll abide,
And in thy Chamber at safe Anchor ride.
Let blustering *Boreas* strongly there inclose me,
I delight to stay there though he oppose me,
For then I will be weary and most slack
To venture to return, or to swim back.
On the deaf billows I'll not rail in vain,
Nor on the rough and raging Sea complain.

The winds and the embraces should keep me
Wind-bound and love-bound, still to stay with thee.
As soon as the Sea permits I'll begin
To use my arms and unto thee I'll swim.
And be thou careful to put forth a light
Upon thy Turret to direct my fight.
And then let this Letter lodge this night
With thee, as Harbinger of my delight.
Which though it go before me, I do pray,
That I may follow it without delay.

The

The



The Argument of the eighteenth Epistle.

Hero having received Leander's Letter answereth it with many expressions of a mutual affection, and invites him to hasten his coming, that she might enjoy his company: sometimes accusing his slackness, thereby to shew the sincerity and integrity of her own love, sometimes inveighing against the Sea: sometimes fearing lest he loved some other; then recanting that suspicion, ascribing it to the custom of Lovers

lovers, who are apt to suspicion. Lastly, she persuades him not to expose himself to the mercy of the Sea until it grew calm.

HERO to LEANDER.

That health *Leander* which thou send'st in word,
Come and more really to me afford.
For our joys are deferred by thy stay,
And my love grows impatient of delay.
Our love is equal, but I am the weaker,
For men are of a stout and stronger nature:
Maid have a tender body and soft mind,
Thou do stay, I shall with grief be pin'd.
You men can spend the tedious time and leisure,
In hunting or some other country pleasure.
Or sometimes you can go unto the Court,
Or in riding, or tilting take your sport,
You often Hawk, and Angle many a time,
And spend some hours in drinking of rich wine.
But unto me love doth a torment prove.
I have no business here to do, but love.
Thou only art a pleasure unto me.
Love the more than can believed be.
For either with my Nurse I talk of thee,
Wondering what staye-h thy coming unto me;
Or looking to the sea, sometimes I chide
The Sea, 'cause it doth still rough abide.
Or when I see the Sea is calmer grown,
I think that when thou may'st thou wilt not come.
While I complain, sad tears spring in my eyes,
Which with a trembling hand my old Nurse dryes.
Then I do look if any print remain
Of thy foot-steps, which the sands yet retain.
And oftentimes I enquire if any be
Bound to *Adydos*, so to write to thee,

And

And I do kiss thy cloths thou didst leave here
 When thou didst swim the *Hellepont* without fear ;
 When day is gone, and the more friendly night
 With spangled stars hath put the day to flight,
 Then I set out a light for a land-mark
 Upon my Tower, to guide thee in the dark.
 And then sometimes with spinning I assay
 To pass the time which runs so slow away.
 And that I may the tedious hours beguile,
 I talk of my *Leander* all the while.
 And to my Nurse I speak thus, Dost not thou
 Think that my joy and love is coming now ?
 Or think'st thou that his friends watch him, that he
 Is hindred so from coming unto me ?
 Dost thou not think that he even now begins
 To put off his cloths, and anoint his limbs ?
 Yes, says my old Nurse, who did strive to keep
 Time with her head while she did nodding sleep,
 And senseless of all love, car'd not though I
 Did want thy kisses, and sweet company.
 Then I should say to her a little after,
 Now I do think he's swimming through the water.
 And having drawn my thred forth I would say,
 Now I do think he's in the middle way ;
 Then I look'd forth, and fearfully did pray
 The wind would favour thee upon the way.
 Sometimes I listned unto every voice,
 Thinking thou wert come, if I heard a noise.
 Thus I would spend most of the night, till sleep
 Upon my weary eyes by stealth did creep.
 And sometimes thou sleep'st with me in my dream,
 And art come, though to come thou dost not mean.
 And now methinks that in my dream I see
 Thee swimming, now thou art imbracing me.
 And now to cloath thy wet limbs I do strive,
 And in my warm bosom do thee revive.

And other things I dream, the which must be
concealed at this time for modesty.
For that which in the doing pleas'd us well,
Yet being done it is a shame to tell.
For who is me, these pleasures are soon done,
For when the dream doth vanish, thou art gone.
Let us at the length more firmly meet,
That our joys may be real and more sweet.
Why have I lain so many nights from thee?
And why dost thou delay to swim to me?
Though the Seas yet for swimming unfit are,
Yet yesternight the winds more calmer were.
And why didst thou then fear to come to me?
Why didst not use that opportunity?
Though you have another season, yet at least,
Cause this was the first, this was the best.
The fickle sea doth quickly change her face,
And thou canst swim it in a little space.
And suppose winds and storms should keep thee here
While I embrace thee, thou needst nothing fear:
When I would have the winds blow high enough,
And I would pray the Seas might still be rough.
Why dost thou the winds and seas now fear,
Which formerly by thee despised were?
I remember thou didst swim to me,
When the seas were as rough as now they be,
When I did wish thee not so rash to be,
And thy rashness should make me weep for thee.
Where is all thy courage now become?
Through the *Hellespont* hast often swum.
Do not thou such rash adventures make,
When the sea is calm thy journey take.
Thou dost love me still, as thou dost write,
And that our flame of love burns clear and bright:
For not winds so much that cross my mind,
That thy love should prove fickle as wind.

Or that thou think'st me unworthy to enter
 Such dangers, and for my sake to adventure.
 And sometimes I am very much afraid,
 Lest thou of *Abydos* scorn'st a *Sestian* maid.
 But it would grieve me more than all the rest,
 If thou should'st love another Sweet-heart best;
 Or if some Harlots arms should thee embrace,
 While that her new love doth the old displace,
 O may I die before that I do see
 My self in such a manner wrong'd by thee.
 Yet do I not write this, because that I
 From thee, or same, have cause of jealousy.
 Yet still I fear (who can securely love?)
 For absence doth often suspicion move.
 Those Lovers are happy that present are,
 And know when to be Jealous, when not to fear.
 We vainly fear, and slight true injuries,
 And nourish in our breast fond jealousies;
 O would'st thou come, or else would I might find
 No woman hinders thee, but the fierce wind.
 Which when I know, believe me I shall die
 With grief to think upon thy injury.
 For if that thou hadst a desire to send
 Me to my grave, thou might'st before offend.
 But thou wilt not offend, my fears are vain,
 I know the winters storms do thee detain.
 Woe's me! the billows do grow rough and high,
 And obscure clouds do darken all the sky.
 Or *Helle's* Mother makes the sea-waves weep,
 While they her Daughters obsequies do keep.
 Or *Juno* her step-mother now doth please,
 Chang'd to a Goddess, thus to vex the seas.
 This sea unto young maids unkind doth prove;
 It drowned *Helle*, and doth cross my love.
 If *Neptune* his own love had call'd to mind,
 Our love had not been cross'd so by the wind.

It is no fable that thou didst approve
 Of fair *Anyone*, and her didst love.
Alcyone, and *Ceyce* thy sweet-hearts were,
 And *Medusa* before she had snaky hair.
Lodice and *Celæno* *Pleiades*,
 And many I have read of besides these.
 O *Neptune* thou these Sweet-hearts hadst in store,
 As Poets do report, and many more.
 Since thou so oft the force of love didst prove;
 Why still from coming dost thou stay my love?
 Spare us, let storms rage in the Ocean wide,
 The Sea doth two parts of the world divide.
 For thee to toss great ships it is most meet,
 Or express thy rage in scattering a Fleet.
 To disturb these seas can no glory be,
 Or to a hinder a young man would swim to me:
 For know *Leander* nobly is descended,
 Nor from *Ulysses* ill of thee befriended.
 Preserve us both, for while that he doth swim;
 "He's in the water, but my life's in him.
 But now my Candle (by whose watchful light
 As it stood by me, I these lines did write)
 Began to sparkle at that very time,
 Which I did take to be a happy sign.
 And my Nurse put wine to it, to maintain
 The Lamp, and cherish the reviving flame.
 Say she, here will be strangers I do think
 To-morrow, and with these word she doth drink.
Leander, come, and let our number be
 Increas'd, for I do love thy company.
Leander unto thy own love return,
 For why should I still lie alone, and mourn?
 Thou hast no cause thus fearful still to be,
Venus will calm the Sea, and favour thee.
 Sometimes to wade through the sea I begin.
 But this sea hath to women fatal been.

For *Jason* over it in safety came,
 But a woman gave to these seas their name.
 If thou fear'st thou shouldst want strength to perform
 This double labour, to come, and return :
 Let us in the midst of the sea both meet,
 And with a kiss each other kindly greet ;
 Then to our Cities both return again,
 This would some comfort be, though it were vain.
 I would that we had no regard of Fame,
 Which makes us love in secret, nor of shame.
 " For love and fearfulness do ill agree ;
 That persuades to pleasure, this to modesty.
 When that young *Jason* did to *Colchos* come,
 He bore away *Medea* with him soon.
 Soon as *Paris* to *Lacedæmon* came,
 He straight returned with his prey again.
 Thou com'st to me, but leavest me behind,
 And swim'st when ships can scarce a passage find.
 But my *Leander* have a care hereafter,
 Not only to despise but fear the water.
 Strong ships unto the sea are made a scorn,
 Think'st thou thy arms can more than Oars perform ?
 The Mariners (*Leander*) fear to swim
 Till they are forced, when they have ship-wrackt been.
 Woe's me, I persuade 'gainst that I require.
 Let not my words discourage thee I desire.
 With thy arms swim through the seas, which being done,
 Embrace me with those arms when thou art come.
 But as oft as I to the blew Seas look,
 My heart is with a sudden cold fear struck ;
 And I am troubled with my last nights dream,
 Though I sacrific'd 'gainst that it did mean :
 About morning, when the Candle sleepy grew
 And wink'd, when dreams most usually are true ;
 Out of my drowsie fingers fell my thread,
 And on my pillow I did rest my head :

When

When in my dream I thought that I had seen
Dolphin, that on the rough waves did swim,
Which the waves cast upon the shore, and left
Upon the boiling sand, of life bereft.
I know not what this might presage or mean,
Till the Sea be calm; slight not my dream:
Thou wilt not spare thy self, spare thou me,
For life and happiness consists in thee.
Hope the rough seas will grow calm, then stay,
And through the calm seas cut thy gentle way.
And till then, since thou canst not swim, nor come,
Let this Letter make the time not seem long.



The Argument of the nineteenth Epistle.

A Contius going to Diana's sacrifices, which were celebrated by Virgins in Delos, the chiefest Island of all the Cyclades in the Aegean sea, fell in love with Cydlippe a noble Maid; but he in regard of the inequality of his birth, not daring to sollicite her love, cunningly write on a fair Apple these two verses.

Juro tibi sane per mystica sacra Diane,
Me tibi venturam comitem, sponsamq; futuram.

By Diana's sacred rites I swear to thee,
Thy loving Consort and Wife I will be.

And so he cast the Apple at the Maids feet ; who ignorant of his
design, reading it at unawares, she promised that she would be
his Acontius. For it was a law, that what was spoken before
the Ides in the temple of Diana should be ratified. So that Acon-
tius in this Epistle to persuade her, that Diana had in-
duced sickness on her, because she had violated her promise made in
the goddesses presence. And to allure her to his desires, his Exor-
tations to make her confident to read without any suspicion
of him, like the former. Afterward he strives to make her hus-
band contemptible in her sight, persuading her that he was the cause
of her sickness.

ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

I not afraid, since that thou shalt not swear,
As thou didst before to thy Lover, here ;
Thou didst swear enough at that same time,
When thou didst promise that thou wouldst be mine.
Read it, and so may the sickness leave thee,
And pains, which also are a pain to me,
Why should thy ingenious cheeks be spread,
In Diana's Temple with blushing red ?
To perform thy promise I do move thee,
Not loosely, but as a husband love thee.
If those words thou wouldst but call to mind,
Which I did write upon the Apple's rind ;
Cast before thee, being read by thee,
Reading it thou didst promise to me,
That which I do now of thee desire,
Words and faith do not at once expire.
When Diana depriv'd thee first of health,
I read it ; Virgin, think upon thy self.

And now I fear the same, for now at length
 The flame of love in me hath gotten strength,
 My strong affection doth increase, and grow,
 Encourag'd by that hope which you did show,
 Thou gav'st me hope, from thee it did proceed,
 Diana is a witness to thy deed.
 For thou didst swear by Diana's Majesty,
 Acontius I do mean to marry thee.
 And to these words which from thy mouth then went
 Diana bow'd in token of consent.
 If thou dost urge, thou wert deceiv'd by me
 The deceit came from love, my love from thee,
 Seeking thereby to thee to be united
 That should win favor, wherewith thou art frighted,
 I'm not so crafty by nature or use,
 Thy beauty doth this craftiness infuse.
 Ingenious love, and not my art first joyn'd
 Those words which thee to me did firmly bind.
 For love this cunning trick to me disclos'd,
 And words of marriage in two lines compos'd,
 Yet let this Act of mine deceitful prove,
 If it be deceit to get what we love.
 And now I write, for favor I intreat,
 Complain of this, if this be a deceit.
 If loving thee, an injury I do thee,
 Though thou forbid me, I will love and wooe thee.
 Some have by force their Sweet-hearts away brought;
 To write a Letter, shall it be a fault?
 Since that a Letter a new knot doth tie
 Of that promis'd love between thee and I.
 Though thou art coy to me, yet I shall make thee
 More kind, and I do know that I shall take thee.
 For albeit thou scape out of this net,
 Thou shalt not scape all those which love can set.
 And if that gentle means, and art do fail,
 Then force against thy coynesse shall prevail.

do not hold that *Paris* was in fault,
 whose who their desires by force have sought.
 And so will I, although that death should be
 a sad reward, that ventures to steal thee.
 Wert thou less fair, my fate would be more cold,
 know thy Beauteous face doth make me bold,
 my flame of love proceeds from thy fair eyes,
 which do out-shine the bright stars in the skies.
 And from thy white neck; which thy brown hair graces,
 And from thy arms fit only for embraces.
 My modest countenance also taketh me,
 where silent beauties sweetly placed be.
 My feet like Ivory are so pure and white,
 that *Thetis*, I suppose, hath not the like.
 Were happy, if I might praise the rest,
 my parts summ'd up together would be best.
 'Tis no wonder since thou art so fair,
 by thy own words I did thee insnare,
 or if thou should'st confess thy self to be
 taken by my deceit and treachery;
 let me bear the envy of it, and blame,
 so that I may the fruits of love obtain.
Achilles did by force fair *Brisis* take,
 yet she lov'd him, and would not him forsake,
 And fault with what thou wilt and angry be,
 so that in anger I may enjoy thee.
 That have moved your anger, will appease you,
 And if you give me leave, I'll strive to please you.
 For I will stand before you, and there weep,
 While my tears with my words due time shall keep:
 And like some servant that correction fears,
 hold my hands up, and beg with my tears.
 Assume your right, I'm a slave to your beauty,
 be you my Mistress, and teach me my duty.
 Although that you should strike me, and should tear
 in an imperious manner my long hair,

I'll suffer all and only afraid be,
 Least you should hurt your hand with striking me;
 Thou needst not fetter me with iron chains,
 "He serveth willingly whom love constrains.
 When thou hast satisfied thy wrath on me,
 Then thou wilt say how patient is he?
 And noting my patience say, since I see,
 That he can serve so well, he shall serve me.
 I know thou dost condemn me in my absence,
 And my good cause doth want a just defence.
 That only which I on the Apple writ
 Is my offence; yet love indited it.
 Besides *Diana* should not mocked be,
 Keep thy promise with her, though not with me.
 She saw thee blush, when as thou wert deceiv'd,
 And she did hear those words which thou didst read,
 And who can be more violent than she,
 To those who do prophane her Majesty?
 Who more angry than *Althea* with her son,
 More fierce than was the Boar of *Calydon*.
 She made *Aëtaon's* hounds their Master hunt,
 As he with them to chase wild beasts was wont.
 She did *Niobe* to a stone transform,
 Which in *Bithynia* stands, and seems to mourn.
Cydippe, I dare not speak truth to thee,
 Lest my admonishment seem false to be.
 Yet I must speak, her wrath inflicts on thee
 This sickness, when that thou should'st marry'd be:
 From Perjury she'd have thee keep thy self;
 By sickness she would bring thy mind to health.
 And when to break thy vow thou would'st begin
 She keeps thee from committing of that sin.
 Then do not thou *Diana* more incense,
 She may be brought to remit thy offence,
 That to thy Fever may not quite destroy
 Thy beauty sav'd, that I may it enjoy.

Preserve

Unto

serve that beauty, which my love first bred,
ere snowy whiteness shadoweth the red.
By those who cross our love, endure that pain
which I while thou art sick do now sustain.
I should not have thee sick, nor married be,
now not which of these would most grieve me.
Sometimes it grieveth me, that I should grieve thee,
and that I did so cunningly deceive thee.
For my Mistress's perjury, O punish me
O Gods, from punishment let her be free.
And sometimes I occasion take to go
to the door, that I may know how you do.
And in a secret manner enquiring keep
of your Maid, how you eat, and take your sleep.
Would I had been a Physician bred,
to feel thy pulse, and sit upon thy bed.
And wo is me, that I must absent be,
while that my rival is perhaps with thee.
He holds thy hand, and sits on thy bed-side,
who is by all the Gods, and me envi'd,
and while that he thy beating pulse doth try,
thy white arm he doth often touch thereby.
He handles thee, and then perhaps a kiss
rewards his service with too great a bliss.
Who hath permitted thee to reap my crop?
And take away the fruits of all my hope?
Her self, and kisses thou must understand
are mine by promise, then take off thy hand.
Take off thy hand, for she my own shall be,
unless thou wilt commit Adultery.
Some other Maiden chuse that yet is free,
for of her tenement I must Land-Lord be.
Thou may'st believe our covenants if not me,
To shew they're firm let her read them to thee.
Therefore thou hast no right I say to thee,
Unto her marriage bed, 'tis kept for me.

Though

Though her father to thee did her assign,
 Yet thy right cannot be so good as mine.
 Her father did betroth her unto thee,
 But she her self did give her self to me.
 He promis'd before men she should be thine,
 She promis'd before *Diana* she would be mine.
 He breaks his word, she violates her oath,
 And dost thou doubt which is the worst of both?
 Lastly consider, what the event may be,
 For he's in health, but sick in bed is she.
 In our contentions too much odds there are,
 Thy hope is not like mine, nor yet thy fear.
 Thy love is not so dangerous, but I,
 If I should suffer a repulse, must dye.
 Perhaps that hereafter thou wilt approve her;
 But it is I that now do clearly love her.
 Therefore in justice, that same love of thine
 Unto my love all title should resign.
 Since for thy love he unjustly doth contend,
Cydippe why do I this Letter send?
Diana for his sake doth thee afflict,
 Forbid him then thy house, if thou hast wit.
 And for his sake this sickness lights on thee,
 May he that causeth it, so punish'd be.
 For if thou wilt his feigned love reject,
 And not love whom the Goddess doth respect,
 Thou shalt then presently regain thy health,
 When thou art well, I shall be well my self.
 Fear not sweet Maid, thou shalt have thy health now;
 If to the Goddess thou wilt keep thy vow.
 "The heavenly powers our sacrifices scorn,
 "Unless we faithfully our vows perform.
 Yet some do lancing suffer for healths sake,
 And some for health do bitter potions take.
 But if thou keep thy self from perjury,
 Thou shalt preserve thy health, thy faith and me.

former fault may yet a pardon find,
ough ignorance, or forgetfulness of mind.
sickness, and my words admonish thee,
or know the Gods cannot deceived be.
should'st thou scape this sickness, being a Maid,
ng married, thou wilt need *Diana's* aid.
ing heard thy promise she will ask thee
the father of thy burthen be.
thou dost vow; yet she will not believe.
thou swear'st, yet she knows 'tis but to deceive.
thee, not for my self this care I take,
my mind is thus troubled for thy sake.
not thy parents for thy sickness weep;
why dost thou in ignorance them keep?
ugh to thy Mother thou dost all relate,
e, thou need'st not to blush thereat.
her how I did first behold thy eyes,
e thou didst to *Diana* sacrifice,
at the first sight if thou marked'st me,
od and gaz'd with fixed eyes on thee.
while I wondering stood my cloak off sell
m my shoulder, which passion seem'd to tell;
after that an Apple I did fit,
erein most cunningly these words I writ.
ch in *Diana's* presence read by thee,
didst bind thy self then to marry me.
e she the tenor of the words may know,
thou read'st them once, read them to her so;
n she will say, forthwith, pray marry me
whom the Goddess hath allotted thee.
e that *Diana* is pleas'd, chuse no other,
the Goddess will be to thee a Mother.
tell her if she ask thee, who I am,
Goddess choice can be to thee no shame.
e where *Corycian* Nymphs have,
anassus hill an old famous Cave,

I was born, and (if birth be not contemn'd)
From no base Parentage I did descend.
I have wealth, and my life from spot is free,
And there is none whom I love more than thee.
Had'st thou not sworn, yet thou need'st must like
Such a husband, and I such a wife would seek.
Diana in a dream bid me to write
These lines, and waking love bid me indite.
And as Lovers arrow now hath wounded me,
Take heed *Diana's* arrow wound not thee.
At once have pity on me and thy self,
At once thou may'st restore us both to health;
Which if thou grant, when the Trumpets proclaim
Diana's solemn sacrifice again,
I'll offer a Golden Apple, and on it
These two verses shall be most fairly writ.
Acontius this Apple offer'd to testifie,
The Gods the words writ in't did ratifie.
Lest a longer Letter try thee being weak,
I have but one word more to write, or speak.
And in the usual way as all can tell,
I will conclude my Letter here; Farewel.

WH
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nfs. F



The Argument of the twentieth Epistle.

WHen Cydippe understood that offended Diana had inflicted this Fever on her, she condescended to Acontius's desire against her Parents will, rather than to endure the torment of her sickness. First she answers, that she durst not read his Epistle aloud, lest she

he would be deceived with the fallacy of an oath, as she was in hearing the lines writ on the Apple. Then amplifying the deceit of the Apple, she inveighs against Acontius.

CYDIPPE to ACONTIUS.

IN silence I thy Letter read, for fear
 Lest unawares I by the Gods should swear.
 I think, again thou would'st have cozened me,
 But that I have promised my self to thee.
 I read it, lest if I unkind should seem,
 Diana should have more offended been.
 Though to Diana I do incense offer,
 Yet she defends that wrong which thou didst proffer.
 And if I may give credit unto thee,
 For thy sake she with sickness visits me.
 Unto Hippolitus she was not kind,
 For at her hand more favour thou dost find.
 A Virgin of a Virgin should take care,
 Although I have not long to live I fear.
 I am sick, yet the causes of my grief
 Physicians know not, nor can yield relief.
 How sick am I, while I these lines do write,
 I scarce can sit within my Bed upright!
 I fear lest any but my Nurse should find,
 That we by Letters do exchange our mind.
 To visitants, while she the door doth keep,
 (To give me time to write) she says I sleep,
 When this colour the matter cannot hide,
 Lest by sleeping too long, truth be descry'd.
 If some come, whom to deny 'tis unfitting,
 She gives me then a feigned sign by spitting.
 Then I break off, and lest it should be spy'd,
 In my trembling bosom the Letter hide.
 When they are gone, then I do write again.
 Thus in the midst of pains I take great pain,

Which

of which didst thou deserve, I could undertake,
 can thou deserv'st, I'll do more for thy sake.
 For thy sake, I this sickness do sustain,
 and for thy imposture thus put out am.
 And thus my beauty which did please thy sight,
 hath hurt my self by yielding thee delight.
 I had appear'd deformed unto thee,
 if sickness had procur'd my misery.
 My life is my ruine, and while you both wooe me,
 by my own beauty that doth thus undo me.
 And while both will not yield, both will be mine,
 he hinder his desire, he hinders thine.
 As like a ship the wind drives amain
 the Sea, but strong tides drive it back again.
 My Marriage day which my Parents would see
 at hand, but a Fever troubles me.
 And while the thought of marriage doth me mock,
 death even at my door begins to knock:
 which though I am not guilty makes me fear,
 one of the Gods with me offended are.
 I think my sickness hath but casual been,
 the Gods would not have me marry him.
 And that thou may'st not think same doth detect thee
 of poysoning of my self they do suspect me.
 The cause is hid, but yet my grief lies open,
 we do contend, but I with grief am broken.
 Tell me and do not unkindly reject me,
 What is thy hate, if thy love doth afflict me;
 Such thy love be, love thy enemy,
 As I intreat thee that thou wouldst spare me.
 What hope to obtain thy love canst thou cherish,
 when thou dost let me by a fever perish?
 To Diana thou dost pray in vain,
 Why dost thou boast what thou canst not obtain?
 Whether thou canst not Diana pacifie;
 Which thou canst, but art unmindful of me:

I would that I had *Delos* never known,
 At least at that time had not to it gone:
 My ship unhappily did sail that day,
 And through the blew sea cut her fatal way,
 Unluckily out of my house I did slip,
 When I did go aboard my painted ship.
 Twice the winds to our sails contrary were,
 Yet now I think on't the wind did stand fair;
 It was a fair wind that did drive me back,
 That my unhappy journey I might slack.
 Would it had been contrary to my mind,
 But 'tis folly to complain gainst the wind.
 For famous *Delos* I desir'd to see,
 Methought my ship sail'd slowly under me.
 I chid the Oars because that they did fail,
 And we thought they put out too little sail.
 Having pass'd *Tenos* and *Andros*, the white
 Cliffs of fair *Delos* came within my sight.
 And to the Is: I said, why dost me shun?
 Dost still stote in the Sea, 'las thou hast done!
 I landed when the Sun had run his course,
 And began to unyoke his purple horse,
 Next day when in the East they harness'd were,
 My Mother bid me comb and dress my hair,
 She gave me Rings, my hair with gold she dress'd,
 And put on me apparel of the best.
 To the Gods of the Island we did dispense
 Our gifts, and offered yellow Frankincense.
 And while my Mother, bedewing with blood
 The smoaking Altar, sacrificing stood;
 My careful Nurse led me another way,
 While she, and I through sacred places stray.
 We walk about while we admired there
 The gifts of Kings and Images there were.
 We admir'd *Apoll'o's* Altar, and the tree
 That help'd *Latona* in child-delivery.

And all that had in *Delos* famous been,
 We saw, and more than yet had mention'd been,
 And here *Acontius* thou dost cast a look
 On me, conceiving I might be soon took,
 return'd to *Diana's* Temple that hath
 fair steps, and what place ought to be more safe?
 Thou threw'st an Apple for me with this verse,
 Which I was ready again to rehearse;
 My Nurse took't up, and wondering, wished me
 to read it, so I read thy treachery.
 When to this word of marriage I came,
 I felt that both my cheeks did blush for shame:
 And when my eyes had serv'd thy turn to read
 these lines, I looked down, and hung my head.
 At yet what glory hast thou got thereby?
 To deceive a Maid is no victory.
 I stood not with my Ax and Buckler there,
 As *Penthesilea* did at *Troy* appear.
 No Gold belt from me thou didst bear away;
 Like that was taken from *Hippolyta*.
 Then why should'st thou rejoyce to have betray'd
 By thy deceitful words a harmless Maid?
 An Apple deceiv'd *Atalanta* and *Cydippe*:
 Thou shalt another *Hippomenes* be:
 But if that wanton Boy did thee enflame,
 Whose quiver (thou saist) doth Loves shafts contain;
 Why didst thou not in honest sort come to me?
 And not strive to deceive me, but to wooe me?
 Why didst thou not by words thy worth express,
 To gain my love, while thou didst love profess?
 Why didst thou seek to compel, not persuade
 My love, by promises on thy part made?
 What doth my former oath now profit thee?
 Though I call'd *Diana* it to testifie,
 'Tis the mind that swears; but my tongue went,
 And swore this oath without my minds consent.

" An oath should be took with a knowing mind,
 " Therefore a rash oath hath no power to bind.
 If willingly I promis'd unto thee
 Marriage, thou might'st then seek it now of me,
 But if those words I unawares did speak,
 Thou stand'st on words that are but vain and weak,
 I did not swear, therefore thou canst not be,
 By reading those words a husband unto me.
 If such false oaths to bind effectual were,
 To grow rich in a short time thou need'st not fear.
 For all the Kings in the world may resign
 Their right unto thee by reading of a line.
 Thou art greater than *Diana* believe me,
 If in thy words so great a power there be.
 Yet though my oath, and thy love here I slight,
 And have strongly pleaded, my case is right :
 Yet I confess I fear *Diana's* wrath,
 Who now I doubt thus me afflicted hath.
 For as often, as I do intend to marry,
 I do fall sick, and so am forc'd to tarry.
 Thrice *Hymen* now unto my bed-side came,
 And finding me sick, he went back again.
 And with his tired hand he scarce could light
 His torch, or make it to burn clear, and bright.
 Sometimes with powder he perfumes his hair,
 While he his yallow-saffron-robe doth wear.
 But when unto my chamber he doth come,
 And beholds tears, and weeping, he is gone.
 He plucks the Garland from his shining hair,
 And tears the flowers that in it placed were.
 Such mourning doth with him so ill agree,
 That his blushing cheeks red as his robe be.
 While a hot fever now tormenteth me,
 So that I think the bed-cloths heavy be,
 I see my Parents for me weep and rage,
 Who a n^{ow} nearer death than marriage.

Diana ! that dost wear thy painted quiver,
 Help me now by *Apollo's* Skill thy brother.
 Since he can cure the sick, then why should I
 Thy disgrace, without thy help here die ?
 When thou didst bath thy self I ne're mistaked,
 The rash *Aetion* who beheld thee naked,
 At thy Altars I have often sacrific'd,
 My Mother was not by my Mother despi'd.
 His only was my fault that I had read
 Perjur'd verse, and was thereby deceiv'd.
 Therefore *Acontius* for my sake now bring
 To *Diana's* Altar thy own offering.
 That the Goddess be offended with me,
 Men to be thine, why doth she hinder me ?
 Or if that she do take away my life,
 Thou canst not hope that I should be thy wife.
 That should be my Husband doth not stand
 By my Bed, and lift me up with his hand,
 He sits indeed on my Beds-side, but he
 Attempts no action of immodesty.
 And knows not what to think of me at all,
 When without cause tears from my eyes do fall.
 He seldom doth to me a kiss impart,
 And with a fearful voice calls me Sweet-heart.
 Wonder my disdain he hath not spi'd,
 Or when he comes I turn on my left side.
 Will not speak, but sleep I counterfeit,
 And pull my hand back when he would take it,
 Then does he fetch a deep sigh, because I
 Am offended with him, he knows not why.
 Then as in truth, if I should speak my mind,
 Cause in my sufferings thou dost pleasure (And)
 Thou dost deserve our anger, who didst set
 Thy cunning toyls, to catch me in thy net.
 Why dost thou write thou wouldst fain visit me ;
 And in thy absence, thou hast wounded me ?

Why thou art call'd *Acontius*, I have found,
'Cause like an arrow thou far off dost wound,
That wound is not yet healed, which no dart,
But those words I read, gave unto my heart.
Why shouldst thou come and here behold me lie
The wretched *Torby* of thy victory?
For now my bloodless colour doth quite fail,
And I am like thy Apple wan and pale.
My white cheeks are not lightly stain'd with red,
Like spotted marble newly polished;
But like the colour of a silver Cup,
When with cold water it is filled up.
If thou sawest me, I should not seem the same,
As when by Art thou sought'st my love to gain.
My promise thou wouldst willingly remit.
And ask the Goddess to be freed from it.
And thou wilt send me then another line,
That I may swear that I shall ne'er be thine,
Yet prethee come since thou desir'st the same,
And see it thou canst know me now again.
Though (*Acontius*) thy breast like Iron be,
Thou wouldst pray the Goddess to pardon me.
Yet I would have thee know, we askt *Apollo*,
To regain health what course I ought to follow.
And as fame doth report, he answered, I
Was punish'd for my infidelity.
And thus the Gods in Oracle answer'd me,
Who to thy desires favourable be.
Whence comes it, but because these cunning Letters
In the Apple writ, make the Gods thy debtors?
Since thou dost rule the Gods, thou must rule me,
And therefore willingly I yield to thee.
I told my Mother how, I had betray'd
My self to thee, at which she was dismay'd.
You must contrive the rest; for I have done
Already, I fear, more than doth become

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Virgin, since in this Letter you see,
 I do unfold my mind to thee.
 My joynts are weary of enditing,
 My sick hand is tired with long writing.
 Hoping that we shall together meet,
 My Letter with a farewell doth thee greet.



The Argument of the one and twentieth Epistle.

PHAON being sometimes a Boatman, Venus came unto him, and desired to be carried over the water gratis, which he did not knowing her to be a Goddess, whereupon she gave him a Box of Oynment, wherewith anointing himself, he became so beautiful, that all the Women in the Isle Lesbos were in love with him, especially Sappho did impatiently affect him. But when Phaon went to Sicily, Sappho out of the heat of her love, and fear of his disdain, desperately

resolved

resolved to throw her self into the Sea, from Leucas a Promontory of Spire. But yet unconstant to her first resolve, she endeavours by this Epistle to recal him back, and gain his love, of which she formerly despaired, and to win him to dislike of his present estate and manner of life. Lastly, she useth all Arguments that might move him to pity. And in this Epistle Ovid hath most lively express'd the soft and amorous affection of love.

SAPPHO to PHAON.

Soon as thou dost behold my studious hand,
 Whence the Letter comes dost thou understand?
 Or unless in it thou Sappho's name read,
 Dost thou not know from whence it doth proceed?
 Thou may'st wonder why I in this verse write,
 Since I in Lyrick numbers do delight.
 The Weeping Elegy will fitting prove
 To suit unto our sad and mournful love.
 But in light Lyrick verses there appears
 No doleful harmony, that may suit tears.
 For as a field of corn on fire, whose flame
 The Eastern wind doth blow up, and maintain,
 Doth burn apace, being fanned by the wind,
 Even so the flame of love doth fire my mind.
 Though Phaon live near *Ætna*, far from me,
 My flames of love hotter than *Ætna* be.
 So that verses to my Harp I cannot set,
 "A quiet mind doth verses best beget.
 The Dryads do not help me at this time,
 Nor Lesbian, nor Pierian Muses nine.
 I have *Amythone*, and *Cydneus* white,
 And *Athis* is not pleasant in my sight.
 And many others that were lov'd of me,
 But now I have plac'd all my love in thee.
 Thy youthful years to pleasure do invite,
 Thy tempting beauty hath betray'd my sight.

Take

Take a quiver, and thou wilt *Apollo* be ;
 Take horns, and *Bacchus* will be like to thee.
Phœbus lov'd *Daphne*, *Bacchus* *Ariadne*,
 Yet in the *Lyric* verse no knowledg had she.
 But the *Muses* dictate unto me smooth Rhymes,
 So that the world knows my name and lines.
 Nor hath *Alceus* for the harm in re-praise,
 Though he by higher subject gets his Bays.
 " If nature beauty unto me deny,
 " My wit the want of beauty doth supply,
 Though low of stature, yet my fame is tall,
 And high; for through the world 'tis known to all.
 Though for my beauty I have no renown,
Perseus lov'd *Cepheis*, that was brown:
 White Doves do often pair with spotted Doves,
 And the Green Parrot the black Turtle loves:
 If thou wilt have a Love as fair as thee
 Thou must have none, for none so fair can be.
 Yet once my face did fair to thee appear,
 And that my speech became me, thou didst swear;
 And thou wouldst kiss me, while that I did sing,
 (For Lovers do remember every thing)
 My kisses, and each part thou didst approve,
 But specially when I did write of love ;
 Then I did please thee with my wanton strain,
 With witty words, and with my amorous vein.
 But now the maids of *Sicily* do please thee,
 Would I might *Lesbos* change for *Sicily*.
 But take heed *Megarenian* how you do
 Receive this wanderer lest you do it rue.
 Lest by his fluttering tongue you be betray'd,
 What he says to you, he hath to me said.
 O *Venus* help me now in my distress,
 Fair Goddess favour now thy Poetess,
 Will fortune always be to me unkind ?
 And will she never change her froward mind ?

For I knew sorrow soon, even when that I
Was six years old, my father first did die.
The love of a whore my brother o'ercame,
In whom he spent his wealth, and lost his fame.
Being grown poor, then unto Sea he went,
To get by Piracy what he had spent.
And because I did blame his courses, he
My honest counsel scorn'd, and hated me.
And as if these griefs were too light for me.
You know that I have faulty been with thee.
And of thee at last I must make complaint,
Because that I thy company do want.
In thy absence I do not dress my hair,
Nor on my fingers any rings do wear,
A poor and homely weed I do assume,
Arabian myrrh doth not my hair Perfume :
Though I did dress my self for to please thee,
Yet in thy absence why should I dress me?
Nature hath given me a heart so soft,
That love doth with his arrow wound it oft.
For I am still in love ; and I do see,
That I must always thus in love still be.
For fatal sisters at my birth decreed
To spin my life forth with an amorous threed.
Else my studies are the cause of it,
Italia hath given me a wanton wit.
Nor can it in love seem so strange a case,
That I should love thy young effeminate face.
Lest *Aurora* should love thee I was afraid.
And so she had, but *Cephalus* her staid.
If *Phoebe* should behold thee, she e'er long
Would love thee more than her *Endymion*.
And beauteous *Venus* long ago had carried
Thee into Heaven in her Ivory Chariot :
But that the Goddess wisely did foresee,
That *Mars* himself would fall in love with thee.

Such

Such was thy beauty, and thy comely grace,
 For in thy youth thou hadst a Virgins face.
 Return to me, thou sweetest flower of beauty,
 For to love thee, I know it is my duty.
 I do not here intreat thee to love me,
 But that thou wouldst permit me to love thee.
 And while I write, I weep even for thy sake,
 And those blots thou see'st, my tears did make.
 Though thou resolv'st to go, yet modesty
 Might have enforced thee, to take leave of me;
 At thy departure thou didst not kiss me,
 I fear'd that I should forsaken be.
 I had no pledges of thy love, for I
 Have nothing of thine but thy injury.
 This only charge I would have given to thee,
 That thou wouldst not be unmindful of me.
 I swear unto thee by this love of mine,
 And by my Goddesses the Muses nine,
 When they did tell me that thou hadst took ship,
 A long time I could neither speak, nor weep.
 My heart grew cold, my silent grief was dumb,
 Wanting both tears to vent it self and tongue.
 But when my sorrows I more lively felt,
 I tore my hair, my tears began to melt,
 So that to weep I presently begun,
 Like Mothers at the burial of a son.
 My Brother laugh'd, and while that he did walk
 And strut by me, he thus began to talk;
 Alas; why does my loving sister grieve?
 Thou hast no cause thy Daughter is alive.
 Thus love and shame together ill agree,
 For I had put off now all modesty.
 And in such manner I abroad did rove,
 That the people discerned my love.
 O Phœn, I do dream of the always.
 Dreams make the night more pleasant than the days.

dreams make thee present though thou absent art,
that they weak shadows of true joys impart.
Sometimes I think that thou embracest me,
and sometimes I think that I embrace thee.
That thou dost kiss me then I do believe,
with such kisses as thou dost use to give.
And sometimes in my dream to thee I speak,
if my tongue and senses were awake.
I cannot tell the rest with modesty,
yet methinks I enjoy thy company.
When the Sun doth rise and break the day,
I am sad, because my dreams pass away.
I am angry that my fancy is no stronger,
and that my pleasant dream should last no longer.
When to the woods and caves I straightway hie,
wherein I enjoy'd thy sweet company.
If the woods and caves would comfort me,
and be they witnesses of our pleasure be.
If one were mad, or enchanted I flie,
while my hair loose doth o'er my shoulders lie,
I think the Mossie caves do seem as fair,
those which built of costly Marble are.
In the Wood, under whose leavie shade,
we oftentimes have both together laid.
But the wood seems unpleasant unto me,
if it mourned for thy company.
And I have often gone unto that place,
where we have lain together in the grass;
And laid me down again, and with the showers
tears have watered the smiling flowers.
The leaveless trees to mourn do now begin,
and all the sweet birds have left off to sing.
Only the Nightingale with mournful song
saddest notes bewails her former wrong,
and laments those sad wrongs she did sustain;
thy forsaking me I do complain.

If the sun not, nor I complain'd of thee,
 The wood more silent than the night would be;
 There is a fountain that's as clear as glass,
 So that some thought a Deity in it was;
 O'er which a great tree doth extend his boughs,
 And soft green grass even round about it grows.
 I being weary, by chance I lay down here;
 And a *Naiad* which did to me appear.
 Standing before me thus to speak began,
 Because thou lov'st, and art not lov'd again,
 To *Leucas* go, if that thou wilt have ease,
 A promontory that o'erlooks the Seas,
 Hence *Deucalion* for fair *Pyrha's* love
 Did throw himself down, and as it did prove,
 He had no hurt, but being drenched in
 These Seas, his love to cool did straight begin,
 The virtue in this place remains, make hast,
 And from this rock thy self down quickly cast.
 Thus having said, she vanish, and my fears
 In eas'd, my eyes did overflow with tears;
 Fair Nymph I promise thee that I will go
 Enrag'd with love unto that rock you show:
 Perhaps the light Air in her arms will bear me.
 I can't be worse, then why should danger fear me?
 O love! with thy wings let me be sustain'd,
 Lest for my death *Leucadian* seas be blam'd.
 Then unto *Phæbus* I'll my Harp resign,
 And underneath it write this double line;
Sappho, O *Phæbus*, offers unto thee
 Her Harp, which thou lov'st, and was lov'd by me.
 If *Phæon* to return to me would please,
 What need I go to the *Aëtan* Seas?
 Thou canst do me more good, thee I will follow,
 Thy beauty is such, thou art my *Apollo*.
 Or canst thou harder than a hard Rock be,
 And to die in my misery suffer me?

It were far better sure that I should joyn
In close embraces my fair breasts with thine
That breast. O *Phaon*, which thou didst oft praise;
And which did seem so witty many ways,
Now I would fain be eloquent, but while
I strive to write in a more elegant Stile,
My art doth fail, for grief my wit hath spent;
So that my letter is not eloquent.
My former vein of writing verse is done,
My jocund Harp is now grown mute and dumb.
The *Lesbian* Nymphs that marriage do desire,
The Nymphs so called from the *Lesbian* Lyre,
The *Lesbian* Nymphs whose love advanc'd by fame,
Come not to hear my Harp, or *Lyrick* strain.
For that sweet vein I had in former time,
My *Phaon* took away who is not mine.
If you send him back, I should regain it.
He is my *Genius* that doth give me wit.
But why with prayers seek I to persuade?
Can his hard heart with prayers be soft made?
No, it doth grow more stiff, and I do find
That all my words are but like empty wind.
But I do wish the winds would bring thee back.
Why to return again art thou so slack?
I have long lookt for thee, then come away,
Why dost thou thus torment me with delay?
Weigh but thy Anchor, *Venus* will befriend thee
With a good voyage, and a fair wind lend thee.
Swift to steer thy ship too will not fail,
And he will put out, and take in each sail.
But if thou forsake *Lesbian Sappho*, I
Shall not deserv'd of thee such cruelty.
And by this Letter I would have thee know,
That I my self into the Sea will throw.

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Three responsive *Epistles* of the Poet *Aulus Sabinus* in answer to three of *OVID's Epistles*.



The Argument of *Sabinus* first *Epistle*.

Ulysses having read *Penelope's Epistle*, answereth to all objections, and relates his many troubles which he had valiantly
 endured. *Tyresias* and *Pallas* having instructed him in future events,

he prophesieth unto her that he will come home to Ithaca in the habit of a beggar. He comes so disguised, that Penelope's woers supposing him a beggar, offer him many affronts. But his Son Telemachus and two servants helping him, befell upon them, and slew them all. At last his Son Telegonus, whom he had by Circe, slew him with a poisoned Arrow.

ULYSSES to PENELOPE

UNfortunate *Ulysses* hath from thee,
 Receiv'd thy Letter dear *Penelope*;
 The sight of thy hand and seal, were to me
 A kind of comfort in my misery.
 Thou dost accuse me, that I am too slack
 In returning and coming to thee back.
 I had rather thou should'st esteem me slow,
 Than that I should let thee my troubles know.
Greece knew my love unto thee, when I had
 For thy love counterfeited my self mad.
 For such was then the force of my affection.
 That I did counterfeit and feign distraction.
 Thou wouldst not have me write, but come away;
 I make hast, but cross winds make me stay.
Troy with the *Grecian* Maids hate, is defac'd,
 I am not there, for *Troy* is burnt and raz'd.
Deiphobus, *Asius*, *Hector*, all slain are,
 And all the rest of whom thou standst in fear.
 I scap'd the *Tracian* bands when I had slain
Rhesus, and to my Tents return'd again.
 And besides out of *Pallas* Temple I
 Did take the fatal palm of victory.
 I was in the Horse when *Cassandra* cry'd,
Trojans burn the Horse, yet not terrifi'd.
 Burn it; for in this Wooden Horse, quoth she,
 The cunning *Grecians* here inclosed be.

Therefore

Therefore if you do not this horse destroy;
It shall be the destruction of *Troy*.
Achilles rites of sepulture did lack,
Till I brought him to *Thetis* on my back.
The *Grecians* did my labour so regard,
I had *Achilles* armour for reward.
Yet I have lost all, for the sea hath swallow'd
My ships, and all the company me follow'd.
Only that constant love I owe to thee,
Continues with me in adversity.
Sylla and *Charybdis* could not cast away
My love to thee, which still doth with me stay:
Spight of *Antiphates* my love endur'd,
And though the cunning *Sirens* me allur'd.
And *Circe*, nor *Calypso* could not charm me;
Thy love against their Sorceries did arm me;
Both promis'd that they could immortal make
Me, that I should not fear the *Strygian Lake*.
For thy sake I their offer did withstand,
And have suffer'd so much by Sea and Land.
Perhaps when thou these womens names dost find
In my Letter it will trouble thy mind.
And of *Circe* and *Calypso* to hear,
Perhaps thou wilt be struck into a fear.
When I in thy Letter *Anconus* read,
Polybus and *Medon*, they my fear bred.
Since thou so many youthful Suiters hast;
How could I think that thou remainest chaste?
Could they delight in thy tear blubber'd face;
Do not thy tears thy beauty yet debase?
And it seems thou hast given consent to marry,
But thy unthriving web doth make them tarry.
For that which thou hast in the day time spun,
Thou unweav'st at night, so 'tis never done.
Thy art is good, which doth successful prove,
To delude their purpose, delay their love.

O Polyphemus, I do wish that I
 Had dy'd in my Cave free from misery.
 Would I had been by the *Thracians* slain,
 When my ships unto *Symus* first came.
 Would cruel *Pluto* then had satisfied
 His wrath on thee, I would that I had dy'd,
 When I descended to the *Syngian* Lake,
 From whence in safety I returned back.
 For though in thy Letters no dread appear,
 I saw my Mothers thin Ghost walking there.
 She told me how at home all matters be,
 And to shun my embraces thrice fled me:
 I saw *Protesilaus*, who fate-contemning;
 With his death gave the *Trojan* wars beginning,
 And his wife *Laodamia*, who did dye
 That she might bear her husband company.
 I saw *Agamemnon* whose wounds bleeding were;
 So that the sight made me let fall a tear.
 He had no hurt at *Troy*, and also past
 The *Eubean* Promontory, yet at last
 Having a thousand wounds given him, he dies
 Even then when he to *Jove* did sacrifice.
 Thus *Helena* the *Grecians* ruin bred,
 While she to *Troy* a stranger followed.
 Besides, what profit was it unto me,
Cassandra were Captives and *Andromache*?
 I could have chosen *Hecuba* for my wife,
 Think not that with a whore I spend my life.
 For I brought *Hecuba* aboard my ship,
 But she out of her former shape did slip.
 For into a Bitch she was straight transform'd,
 And her complaints were into barking turn'd.
Thetis grew angry at these Prodigies,
 And enrag'd *Aeolus* made a storm to rise:
 So that with wind and waves our ships did strive,
 Which tempest round about the world did drive.

But if *Tiresias* truly foretold me
 A prosperous fate after adversity
 Having endur'd so much by land and sea,
 I hope my fortunes will more kinder be.
 Now *Pallas* doth protect us from all dangers,
 And guide us in our journey amongst strangers,
 Since *Troy's* destruction I have *Pallas* seen
 Of late, so that her danger spent doth seem,
 And whatsoever *Ajax* did commit,
 The *Grecians* now are punished for it.
 Nor was *Tydidēs* too excus'd from danger,
 For he like us about the world doth wander.
 Nor *Tenēer* that from *Telamon* first sprung,
 Nor he that with a thousand ships did come.
Menelaus was happy, for having got
 His wife, he need fear no unhappy lot.
 Though the winds or seas did your journey stay,
 Your love was not hindred by that delay.
 The winds nor waves, did not hinder your bliss,
 But when you list you could embrace and kiss.
 And had I so enjoy'd thy company,
 No evil chance could then beude to me.
 But since *Telemachus* is well I hear,
 My present troubles I more lightly bear,
 I blame thy love in sending him to Sea,
 Through *Sparte* and in *Pylon* to seek me.
 I needs must blame thy love in doing it,
 While to the Sea thou didst my Son commit.
 But fortune may at last yet prove my friend.
 And all my troubles may have a fair end.
 A Prophet told me, dear wife, we should meer,
 And with embraces should each other greet.
 But I will come disguis'd. so to be known
 Unto no other but thy self alone.
 In a beggars habit I'll disguised be,
 Conceal thy joy, and knowledge then of me.

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I'll shew no outward violence when I come,
 For so *Apollo's* Priest unto me sung.
 But I'll evnge my self even at that time
 When the wooers are banqueting with wine,
 While beggars rayment doth *Ulysses* cover;
 And then at last my self I will discover,
 While at *Ulysses* they shall all admire,
 That this day would come soon I do desire.
 That we may both, dear wife, renew our love,
 And I to thee may a kind husband prove.

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The Argument of Sabinus's second Epistle.

Demophoon in this Epistle endeavours by divers Arguments to excuse his unfaithful neglect of returning to Phyllis according to his promise: Alledging that his friends were offended with him for staying long with her in Thrace, and also the importune unseasonableness of the weather for sailing, promising howsoever at length to return to Phyllis. He performed his promise, but Phyllis impatient of delay, had

had strangled her self before he came, and by the mercy of the Gods was changed into a leafless Almond-tree, which Demophoon embracing, it put forth leaves as if it had been sensible of his return. Which is feign'd, because Phyllis signifies in Greek an Almond-tree, so expressing the name of Phyllis, because when Zephyrus or the West wind bloweth from Africa into Thrace, this Tree flourishes, for Zephyrus signifies as much as *Zanphos*, that is, The Life cherisher. Which gave occasion to this fiction, that Phyllis transformed into a Tree, seemed to rejoyce and flourish, at the return of her Lover.

DEMOPHOON to PHYLLIS.

FROM his own Country to Phyllis his friend,
Demophoon doth this his Letter send.
Even thy Demophoon that doth still love thee.
My fortune's chang'd, but not my constancy.
Theseus whose name thou hast no cause to fear,
Thy flame of love for his sake worthy were,
~~Minotaur did drive out of his royal race,~~
And the old Traytor is now dead of late.
He that the *Amazons* had overcome,
And unto *Hercules* was companion.
He that did *Minos* son-in-law become,
When he the *Minotaur* had overthrown.
He did accuse me because I did stay,
Trifling so long with thee in *Thracia*;
For while the love of Phyllis did detain thee.
And that a foreign beauty did enflame thee,
Time with a nimble pace did slip away;
And sad accidents hapned by thy delay,
Which had been all prevented, hadst thou come,
Or hadst thou made them void, when they were done.
When thou didst Phyllis Kingdom love, for she
Than a whole Kingdom was dearer to thee.
From *Atamas* I this same chiding have,
And old *Ethra* who's half within her grave.

Since *Theseus* is not there to close their eyes,
 The fault on me for staying with thee lies.
 I confess they both to me often cry'd,
 When my Ship did in *Thracian* waters ride,
 The winds stand fair *Demophoon*, why dost stay?
 Go home *Demophoon* without delay.
 From thy beloved *Phyllis* example take,
 She loves thee, yet her home she'll not forsake.
 She desires not to bear thee company,
 But to return again entreateth thee.
 I with a silent patience heard them chide,
 But their desire I in my thoughts deny'd.
 I thought I could not embrace thee enough,
 And I was glad to see the Sea grow rough.
 Before my Father I will this confess,
 "He that loves worthily may it profess.
 For since such store of worth remains in thee,
 If I do love thee it no shame can be.
 And I do know that *Phyllis* cannot say,
 I prov'd unkind when I did sail away.
 For when the day came when I must take ship,
 I wept, and comforted thee who didst weep,
 Thou didst grant me a ship of *Thracia*,
 While *Phyllis* love made me the time delay.
 Besides my Father *Theseus* doth retain
Ariadne's love, and cherishes that flame;
 When he looks towards Heaven many times,
 See how my love (saith he) in Heaven shines.
 Tho' *Bacchus* to forsake her did command him
 The world for forsaking her, hath blam'd him.
 So am I perjur'd thought for my delay,
 Though *Phyllis* knows not the cause of my stay.
 This may assure thee I will come again,
 Because my breast doth burn with no new flame.
Phyllis, hath not report to thee made known,
 What dismal troubles are sprung up at home?

Since for my fathers death I a mourner am
Whose death includes more grief than I can name ?
My brother *Hippolytus* deserves a tear;
Whom his own horses did in pieces tear ;
These fatal causes might excuse my stay,
Yet after a while I will come away.
I will but lay my father in the grave.
For 'tis fit he should worthy burial have.
Grant me but time and I will constant be,
Thy Country yields most safety unto me.
To those that since the fall of *Troy* did wander
By land and sea, and past through much danger,
Thrace hath been kind, and I unto this Land
By tempest drove, was kindly entertain'd.
If that thy love to me remain the same
Who in my Royal Palace now do reign :
And art not angry with my Parents fate,
Or with *Demophoon* most unfortunate.
Suppose that unto me thou hadst been married,
When at the siege of *Troy* ten years I tarried.
Penelope through all the world is fam'd
Because that she her chastity maintain'd.
For she with witty Art, did always weave
An unthriving web, suiters to deceive,
For she by night did it in pieces pull,
Resolving the untwisted threads to wool.
Dost fear the *Thracians* will not marry thee,
Or wilt thou marry any one but me ?
Hast thou a heart with any one to joyn
Thy hand, unless thy hand do joyn with mine ?
How wilt thou blush then, and how wilt thou grieve,
When thou a far off shalt my sails perceive ?
Thou wilt condemn thy self, and say alas ;
I see *Demophoon* most faithful was.
Demophoon is return'd, and for my sake,
A dangerous voyage he by sea did make,

that for breach of faith him rashly blamed,
I have broke my faith, while I of him complained.
That *Phyllis* I had rather thou shouldst marry,
Than that thou shouldst some other way miscarry.
Why dost thou threaten thou wilt make away
thy self? the Gods may hear when thou dost pray.
Though thou dost blame me for inconstancy,
I add not affliction to my misery.
Though *Theseus* *Ariadne* did forsake,
Where the wild beasts a prey of her did make;
Yet my desert hath not been such, that I
should be accused of inconstancy.
This Letter may the winds without all fail
bring safe to thee, which us'd to drive my sail.
Persuade thy self, I fain would come away,
But that I have just cause a while to stay.



The Argument of Sabina's third Epistle.]

THis responsive Epistle written by Paris is not difficult, for the Argument is taken out of Oenone's Epistle. Paris having violated the rites of marriage, by repudiating his wife, and marrying Helena, first confesses to Oenone the injury he had done her. Afterward excusing himself, he transferreth the blame on Cupid, whose power Lovers cannot resist, and on the fates who had destinat

Helena

Helena to him unknown. But 'tis reported that Oenone did love Paris so dearly, that he being brought to her wounded by Phylotes with one of Hercules arrows, she embraced his body, and embalming it with tears, dyed over him, and so they were both buried in Troia a Trojan City.

PARIS to OENONE.

Nymph, I confess that I fit words do want;
 To write an answer to thy just complaint.
 I seek for words, but yet I cannot find
 Words, that may aptly suit unto my mind:
 I confess against thee I have offended,
 Yet *Helen's* love makes me I cannot mend it.
 I'll condemn my self, but what doth it avail;
 The power of love makes a bad cause prevail.
 For though thou shouldst condemn me, and my cause,
 Yet *Cupid* means to try me by his laws.
 And if by his laws we will judged be.
 It seems another hath more right to me.
 Thou wert my first love I confess in truth,
 And I married thee in my flower of youth.
 Of my Father *Priam* I was not proud,
 As thou dost write, but unto thee I bow'd.
 I did not think *Heſtor* should prove my brother,
 When thou and I did keep our flocks together.
 I knew not my Mother, Queen *Hecube*,
 Whose Daughter thou most worthy art to be.
 But love I see, is not guided by reason,
 Consider with thy self at this same season;
 For thou complain'st that I have wronged thee,
 And yet thou writest that thou lovest me.
 And though the *Satyrs* and the *Fawns* do move thee,
 Yet thou remainest constant still unto me.
 Besides, this love is fatal unto me,
 My Sister *Cassandra* did it foresee;

Before

Before that I had heard of *Helen's* name,
 Whose beauty through all *Greece* was known by fame.
 I have told all unless it be that wound
 Of love, which I have by her beauty found,
 Nay those wounds I will open, and from you
 To gain some help, I will both beg and sue.
 My life and death are both within thy hand,
 You have conquer'd me, I'm at your command.
 Yet I remember that when you heard me
 Relate to you her dismal prophecy;
 While I did tell thee, thou didst weep upon me,
 Wishing the Gods would turn that sad fate from me;
 That thou might'st have no cause to accuse,
 When that *Oonone* doth her *Paris* lose.
 Love blinded me, that I could not believe thee,
 And loving thee doth make me now deceive thee.
 Love powerful is, and when he list can turn
Jove to a Bull, or to a Bird transform.
 Such beauty all the world should not contain
 As *Helen*, who is born to be my flame:
 Since *Jupiter* to disguise his loose scape
 Did transform himself into a Swans shape;
 And *Jove* also descended from his Tower,
 To court fair *Danae* in a Golden shower.
 Sometimes himself he to an Eagle turn'd,
 And sometimes to a white Bull hath transform'd.
 And who would think that *Hercules* would spin,
 Yet love of *Dejanira* compell'd him.
 And he wore her light Petticoat 'tis said,
 While his Love with his Lyons skins was clad.
 So I remember love compelled thee,
 (The more's my fault) that thou preferredst me
 Before *Apollo's* love, and from him fled,
 Because thou wouldst possess my marriage bed,
 Yet I excell'd not *Phaëus*, but the dart
 Of Love did so enforce thy gentle heart.

Yet this may unto me some comfort prove;
 That she is no base Harlot whom I love.
 For she whom I before thee do prefer,
 By birth is descended from *Jupiter*,
 Yet her birth doth not inamour'd make me,
 But 'tis her matchless beauty that doth take me.
 O my *Oenone*, I do wish it still,
 I had not been on the *Idæan Hill*
 A judge of beauty, *Pallas* now doth grudge,
 And *Juno*, because against them I did Judge;
 And because I did lovely *Venus* praise,
 And for her beauty gave to her the Bayes;
 She that can raise loves flame up in another,
 She that rules *Cupid*, and is his own Mother;
 Yet she could not avoid her own Sons shaft
 And Bow, wherewith he wounded others oft.
 For *Vulcan* took fair *Venus* close in Bed
 With *Mars*, which by the Gods was witnessed.
 And *Mars* again she afterward forsook,
 And for her Paramour *Anchises* took:
 For with *Anchises* she in love would be,
 And did revenge his sloth in Venery.
Venus thus did in affection rove,
 Why may not she make *Paris* change his love?
Menelaus with her fair face was took,
 Lov'd her, before on her I did look:
 Though wars ensue, if I do her enjoy,
 And a thousand ships fetch her back from *Troy*;
 Do not fear, the war is just and right,
 All the world should for her beauty fight,
 Though the armed *Grecians* ready be
 To fetch her back, I'll keep her here with me.
 Thou hast any hope to change my mind,
 Or use thy charms, why art thou not inclin'd?
 Once in *Apollo's Arts* thou art well seen,
 And to *Hecate's* skill hast used been.

Thou canst cloud the day, and stars shining clear,
 And make the moon forsake her silver sphere;
 And by thy charms while I did Oxen keep,
 Fierce Lyons gently walk't among the sheep.
 Thou didst make *Tanbos*, and *Simors* flow
 Unto their springs, and back again to go.
 And charm'dst other Rivers, when thou didst see,
 They thirsted after thy Virginity.
Demus, let thy charms effectual prove,
 To change my affection, or quench thy love.



FINIS.

